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"GOOD HUNTING."*

A STORY OF THE JUNGLE.

By Rudyard Kipling,

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IT was after the letting in of the jungle that the pleasantest part of Mowgli's life began. He had the good conscience that comes from paying your debts to the last farthing; and all the jungle was his friend, for all the jungle was just a little afraid of him. The things that he did and saw and heard when he was wandering from one people to another, with or without his four companions, would make many, many stories each as long as this one. So you may never be told, perhaps, how he met and escaped from the Mad Elephant of Mandla, who killed two-and-twenty bullocks drawing eleven carts of coined silver to the Government Treasury, and scattered the shiny rupees in the dust; how he fought Jacala the Crocodile all one long night in the marshes of the North, and broke his skinning-knife on the brute's back-plates; how he found a new and longer knife round the neck of a man who had been killed by a wild boar, and how he tracked that boar and killed him as a fair price for the knife; how he was caught up once, in the great famine, by the moving of the deer, and nearly crushed to death in the swaying hot herds; how he saved Hathi the Silent from being trapped in a pit with a stake at the bottom, and how, next day, he himself fell into a very cunning leopard-trap, and how Hathi broke the thick wooden bars to pieces about him; how he milked the wild buffaloes in the swamp, and how——

But we must tell one tale at a time. Father and Mother Wolf died, and Mowgli rolled a big bowlder against the mouth of the cave, and cried the death song over them; and Baloo grew very old and stiff; and even Bagheera, whose nerves were steel and whose muscles were iron, was slower at the kill than he had been. Akela turned from gray to milky white with pure age; his ribs stuck out, and he walked as though he had been made of wood, and Mowgli killed for him. But the young wolves, the children of the disbanded See-onee Pack, throve and increased; and when there were about forty of them, masterless, white-toothed, deep-chested, clean-footed five-year-olds, Akela told them that they ought to gather themselves together and follow the law and run under one head, as befitted the free people.

This was not a question in which Mowgli concerned himself, for, as he said, he had eaten sour fruit, and he knew the tree it hung from; but when Phao, son of Phaona (his father was the Grey Tracker in the days of Akela's headship) fought his way to the leadership of the pack according to the jungle law, and the old calls and the old songs began to ring under the stars once more, Mowgli came to the council rock for memory's sake. If he chose to speak, the pack waited till he had finished, and he sat at Akela's side on the rock, above Phao. Those were days of

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"ART THOU AT EASE NOW?"

good hunting and good sleeping; no stranger cared to break into the jungles that belonged to "Mowgli's people," as they called the pack, and the young wolves grew fat and strong, and there were many cubs to bring to the looking-over. Mowgli always attended a looking-over, for he remembered the night when a black panther brought a naked brown baby into the pack, and the long call, "Look, look well, O wolves!" made his heart flutter with strange feelings. Otherwise he would be far away in the jungle with his four brothers, tasting, touching, seeing, and feeling new things.

One twilight, when he was trotting leisurely across the ranges to give Akela the half of a buck that he had killed, while the

Four Wolves were jogging behind him, sparring a little, and tumbling one another over in the cool dusk for joy of being alive, he heard a cry that had never been heard since the bad days of Shere Khan. It was what they call in the jungle the *pheeal*—a hideous, strange kind of shriek that the jackal gives when he is hunting behind a tiger, or when there is some big killing afoot. If you can imagine a mixture of hate, triumph, fear, and despair, with a kind of leer running through it, you will get some notion of the *pheeal*, that rose and sank, and wavered and quavered, far away across the Waingunga. The Four stopped play at once, and began to bristle and growl. Mowgli's hand went to his knife, and he checked, listening, as though he had been turned into stone, the blood in his face, and his eyebrows knotted hard.

"There is no Striped One that would dare kill here," he said at last.

"That is not the cry of the Forerunner," said Grey Brother. "It is a great killing. Listen!"

It broke out again, half sobbing and half chuckling, just as though the jackal had soft human lips. Then Mowgli drew deep breath and ran to the council rock, overtaking on his way hurrying wolves of the pack. Phao and Akela were on the rock together, and below them, every nerve strained, sat the others. The mothers and the cubs were cantering off to their lairs; for when the *pheeal* cries, it is no time for weak things to be abroad.

They could hear nothing, except the Waingunga rushing and gurgling in the dark, and the light evening winds among the tree-tops, till suddenly across the river a wolf called. It was no wolf of the pack, for they were all at the rock. The note changed to a long, despairing bay, like a bell tolling on a wrecked ship, and "*Dhole!*" it said. "*Dhole! Dhole! Dhole!*" In a few minutes they heard tired feet on the rock, and a gaunt, dripping wolf, streaked with red on his flanks, his right fore paw useless, and his jaws white with foam, flung himself into the circle at Mowgli's feet. Nothing save extreme hunger or deadly fear will lead a wolf to the stranger pack.

"Good hunting! Under whose headship?" said Phao, gravely.

"Good hunting. *Won-tolla* am I," was the answer. He meant that he was a solitary wolf, fending for himself, his mate and his cubs in some lonely lair, as many wolves do in the South. *Won-tolla* means an outlier—one who lies out from any pack. Then he panted, and they could hear his heart beat, and saw it shake him backwards and forwards.

"What moves?" said Phao, for that is the question all the jungle asks after the *pheeal* cries.

"The *dhole*—the *dhole* of the Dekkan—Red Dog, the Killer! They came north from the South, saying the Dekkan was empty and killing out by the way. When this moon was new there were four to me—my mate and three cubs. She would teach them to kill on the grass plains, hiding to drive the buck, as we do who are of the open. At midnight I heard them together, full-tongue, on the trail. At the dawn-wind I found them stiff in the grass—four free people; four when this moon was new. Then sought I my blood right and found the *dhole*."

"How many?" said Mowgli quickly, while the pack growled deep in their throats.

"I do not know. Three of them will kill no more, but at the last they drove me like the buck; on my three legs they drove me. Look, free people!"

He thrust out his mangled fore foot, all white with dust and dark with dried blood. There were cruel bites low down on his side, and his throat was torn and worried.

"Eat," said Akela, rising up from the meat Mowgli had brought him, and the outlier flung himself on it famishing.

"This shall be no loss," he said humbly, when he had taken off the first edge of his hunger. "Give me a little strength, free people, and I also will kill; will kill—will kill! My lair is empty that was full when this moon was new, and the blood debt is not paid."

Phao heard his teeth crack on a haunch-bone, and grunted approvingly.

"We shall need those jaws," said he. "Were their cubs with the *dhole?*"

"Nay, nay. Red hunters all; grown dogs of their pack; heavy and strong, for all that they eat lizards in the Dekkan."

What *Won-tolla* had said meant that the *dhole*, the red hunting-dog of the Dekkan, was moving to kill, and the pack knew well that even the tiger will surrender a new kill to the *dhole*. They drive straight through the jungle, and what they meet they pull down and tear to pieces. Though they are not as big nor half as cunning as the wolf, they are very strong and very numerous. The *dhole*, for instance, do not begin to call themselves a pack till they are a hundred strong, whereas forty wolves make a very fair pack indeed. Mowgli's

MOWGLI . . . WRIGGLED HIS BARE TORS JUST ABOVE THE LEADER'S HEAD.

wanderings had taken him to the edge of the very high grassy downs of the Dekkan, and he had seen the fearless *dholes* sleeping and playing and scratching themselves in the little hollows and tussocks that they use for lairs. He despised and hated them because they smelt differently from the free people; because they did not live in caves; and, above all, because they had hair between their toes, while he and his friends were clean-footed. But he knew, for Hathi had told him, what a terrible thing a *dhole* hunting-pack was. Even Hathi moves aside from their line, and until they are killed or till game is scarce they go forward.

Akela knew something of the *dholes*, too, for he said to Mowgli quietly: "It is better to die in the full pack than leaderless and alone. It is good hunting and—my last. But as men live, thou hast very many more nights and days, Little Brother. Go north and lie down, and if any wolf run after the *dhole* has gone by, he shall bring thee word of the fight."

"Ah," said Mowgli, quite gravely, "must I go to the marshes and catch little fish and sleep in a tree, or must I ask help of the Bandar-log and eat nuts while the pack fight below?"

"It is to the death," said Akela. "Thou hast never met the *dhole*—the Red Killer. Even the Striped One——"

"Aowa! Aowa!" said Mowgli, pettingly. "I have killed one striped ape, and sure am I in my stomach that Shere Khan would have left his own mate for meat to the *dhole*, if he had winded a pack across three ranges. Listen, now: there was a wolf, my father, and there was a wolf, my mother, and there was an old grey wolf (not too wise, he is white now) was my father and my mother. Therefore I—" he raised his voice, "I say that when the *dhole* come, and if the *dhole* come, Mowgli and the free people are of one skin for that hunting; and I say, by the bull that bought me, by the bull Bagheera paid for me in the old days which ye of the pack do not remember, *I* say that the trees and the river may hear and hold fast if I forget; *I* say that this my knife shall be as a tooth to the pack—and I do not think it is so blunt. This is my word which has gone from me."

"Thou dost not know the *dhole*, man with a wolf's tongue," said *Won-tolla*. "I look only to clear my blood debt against them, ere they have me in many pieces. They move slowly, killing out as they go; but in two days a little strength will come back to me, and I turn again for the blood debt. But for *ye*, free people, my counsel is that ye go north and eat but little for a while, till the *dhole* are gone. There is no gain in this hunting."

"Hear the out-lier!" said Mowgli, with a laugh. "Free people, we must go north and eat lizards and rats from the bank, lest by any chance we meet the *dhole*. He must kill out our hunting-grounds while we lie hid in the North, till it please him to give us our own again. He is a dog—and the pup of a dog—red, yellow-bellied, lairless, and haired between every toe. He counts his cubs six and eight at the litter, as though he were Chikai, the little leaping rat. Surely we must run away, free people, and beg leave of the peoples of the North for the offal of dead cattle! Ye know the saying: 'North are the vermin; south are the lice. *We* are the jungle.' Choose ye! Oh, choose! It is good hunting! For the pack—for the full pack—for the lair and the litter; for the in-kill and the out-kill; for the mate that drives the doe and the little, little cub within the cave; it is met—it is met. It is met!"

The pack answered with one deep, crashing bark that sounded in the night like a big tree falling. "It is met," they cried.

"Stay with these," said Mowgli to his four. "We shall need every tooth. Phao and Akela must make ready the battle. I go to count the dogs."

"It is death!" *Won-tolla* cried, half rising. "What can such a hairless one do against the Red Dog? Even the Striped One, remember——"

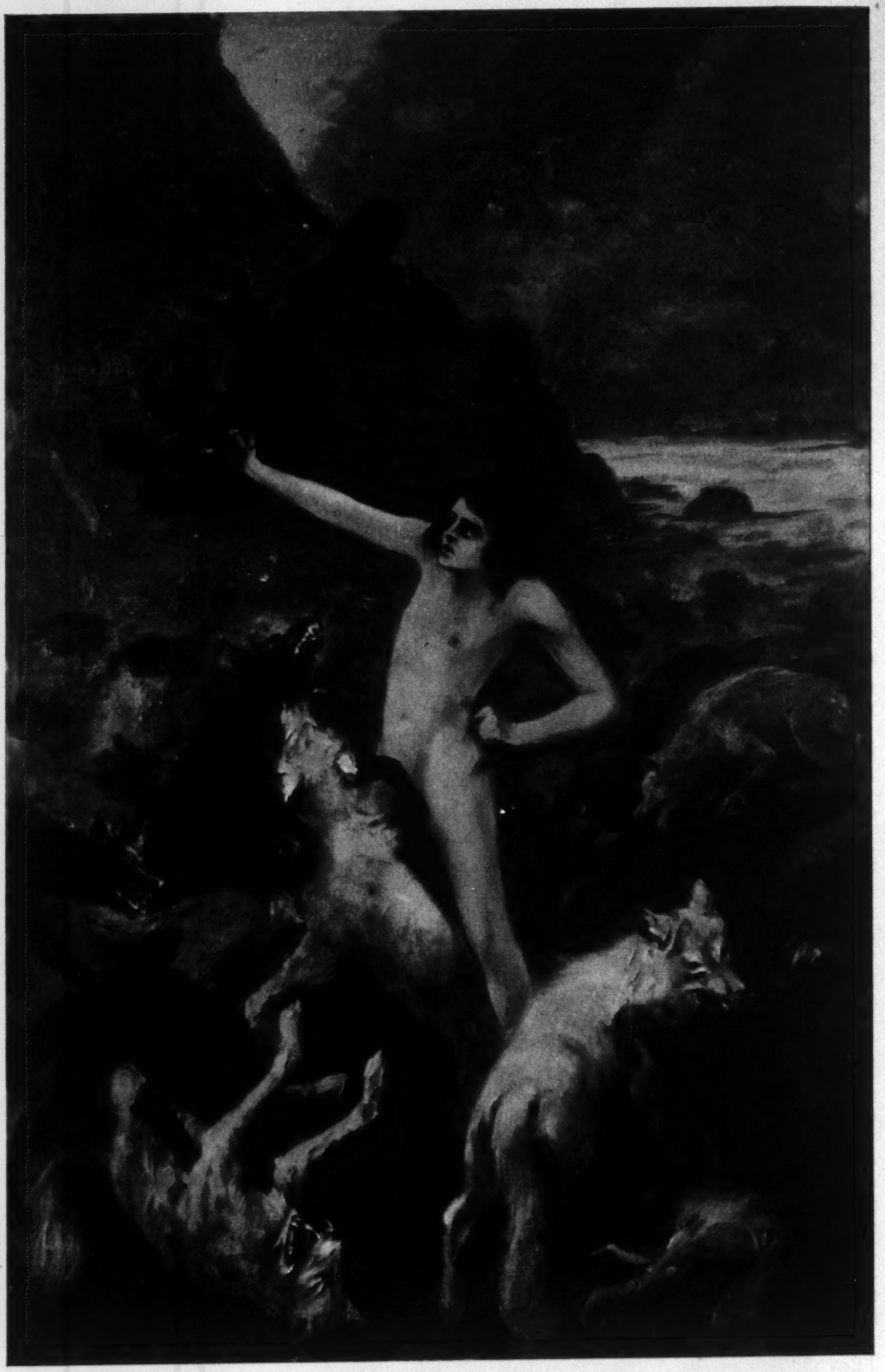
"Thou art indeed an out-lier," Mowgli called back; "but we will speak when the *dholes* are dead. Good hunting, all."

He hurried off into the darkness, wild with excitement, hardly looking where he set foot, and the natural consequence was that he tripped full length over Kaa's great coils, where the python lay watching a deer-path near the river.

"Kssha!" said Kaa angrily. "Is this jungle work, to stamp and tramp and undo a night's hunting—when the game are moving so well, too?"

"The fault was mine," said Mowgli, picking himself up. "Indeed, I was seeking thee, Flathead, but each time we meet thou art longer and broader by the length of my arm. There is none like thee in the jungle, wise, old, strong, and most beautiful Kaa."

"Now, whither does this trail lead?" Kaa's voice was gentler. "Not a moon since, there was a manling, with a knife, threw stones at my head and called me bad



THE LONG FIGHT.

little tree-cat names because I lay asleep in the open."

"Ay, and turned every driven deer to all the winds, and Mowgli was hunting, and this same Flathead was too deaf to hear his whistle and leave the deer-roads free," Mowgli answered composedly, sitting down among the painted coils.

"Now this same manling comes with soft, tickling words to this same Flathead, telling him that he is wise and strong and beautiful, and this same old Flathead believes, and makes a place, thus, for this same stone-throwing manling, and—— Art thou a. ease now? Could Bagheera give thee so good a resting place?"

Kaa had, as usual, made a sort of soft, half hammock of himself under Mowgli's weight. The boy reached out in the darkness and gathered in the supple, cable-like neck till Kaa's head rested on his shoulder, and then he told him all that had happened in the jungle that night.

"Wise I may be," said Kaa at the end, "but deaf I surely am. I should have heard the *pheeal*. Small wonder the eaters of grass are uneasy. How many be the *dhole?*"

"I have not seen yet. I came hot foot to thee. Thou art older than Hathi. But, O Kaa," here Mowgli wriggled with sheer joy, "it will be good hunting. Few of us will see another moon."

"Dost *thou* strike in this? Remember thou art a man, and remember what pack cast thee out. Let the wolf look to the dog. Thou art a man."

"Last year's nuts are this year's black earth," said Mowgli. "It is true that I am a man, but it is in my stomach that this night I have said that I am a wolf. I called the river and the trees to remember. I am of the free people, Kaa, till the *dhole* have gone by."

"Free people," Kaa grunted. "Free thieves! And thou hast tied thyself into the death knot for the sake of the memory of dead wolves! This is no good hunting."

"It is my word which I have spoken. The trees know, the river knows. Till the *dhole* have gone by, my word comes not back to me."

"Ngssh! That changes all trails. I had thought to take thee away with me to the Northern marshes; but the word—even the word of a little, naked, hairless manling—is the word. Now I, Kaa, say——"

"Think well, Flathead, lest thou tie thyself into the death knot also. I need no word from thee, for well I know——"

"Be it so, then," said Kaa. "I will give no word; but what is in thy stomach to do when the *dhole* come?"

"They must swim the Waingunga. I thought to meet them with my knife in the shallows, the pack behind me; and so, stabbing and thrusting, we a little might turn them down stream, or cool their throats."

"The *dhole* do not turn, and their throats are hot," said Kaa. "There will be neither manling nor wolf cub when that hunting is done, but only dry bones."

"Alala! If we die, we die. It will be most good hunting. But my stomach is young, and I have not seen many rains. I am not wise nor strong. Hast thou a better plan, Kaa?"

"I have seen—a hundred and a hundred rains. Ere Hathi cast his milk tushes my trail was big in the dust. By the first egg, I am older than many trees; and I have seen all that the jungle has done."

"But *this* is new hunting," said Mowgli. "Never before has the *dhole* crossed our trail."

"What is, has been. What will be, is no more than a forgotten year striking backwards. Be still while I count those years."

For a long hour Mowgli lay back among the coils, playing with his knife, while Kaa, his head motionless on the ground, thought of all that he had seen and known since the day he came from the egg. The light seemed to go out of his eyes and leave them like stale opals, and now and again he made little stiff passes with his head, right and left, as though he were hunting in his sleep. Mowgli dozed quietly, for he knew that there is nothing like sleep before hunting, and he was trained to take it at any hour of the day or night.

Then he felt Kaa's back grow bigger and broader below him as the huge python puffed himself out, hissing with the noise of a sword drawn from a steel scabbard.

"I have seen all the dead seasons," Kaa said at last, "and the great trees, and the old elephants, and the rocks that were bare and sharp pointed— Art thou still alive, manling?"

"It is only a little after moonset," said Mowgli. "I do not understand——"

"Hssh! I am again Kaa. I knew it was but a little time. Now we will go to the river, and I will show thee what is to be done against the *dhole*."

He turned as straight as an arrow for the main stream of the Waingunga, plunging in a little above the pool that hid the Peace Rock, Mowgli at his side.

"Nay, do not swim. I go swiftly. My back, Little Brother."

Mowgli tucked his left arm round Kaa's neck, dropped his right close to his body, and straightened his feet. Then Kaa breasted the current as he alone could, and the ripple of the checked water stood up in a frill round Mowgli's neck, and his feet were waved to and fro in the eddy under the python's lashing sides. A mile or so above the Peace Rock the Waingunga narrows between a gorge of marble rocks from eighty to a hundred feet high, and the current runs like a mill-race between and over all manner of ugly stones. But Mowgli did not trouble his head about the water; there was no water in the world would have given him a moment's fear. He was looking at the gorge on either side, and sniffing uneasily, for there was a sweetish-sourish smell in the air very like the smell of a big ant-hill on a hot day. Instinctively he lowered himself in the water, only raising his head to breathe from time to time, and Kaa came to anchor with a double twist of his tail round a sunken rock, holding Mowgli in the hollow of a coil, while the water raced on.

"This is the place of death," said the boy. "Why do we come here?"

"They sleep," said Kaa. "Hathi will not turn aside for the Striped One. Yet Hathi and the Striped One together turn aside for the *dhole*, and the *dhole*, they say, turns aside for nothing. And yet, for whom do the Little People of the Rocks turn aside? Tell me, master of the jungle, who *is* the master of the jungle?"

"These," Mowgli whispered. "It is the place of death. Let us go."

"Nay, look well, for they are asleep. It is as it was when I was not the length of thy arm."

The split and weatherworn rocks of the gorge of the Waingunga had been used since the beginning of the jungle by the Little People of the Rocks—the busy, furious, black wild bees of India; and, as Mowgli knew well, all trails turned off half a mile before they reached the gorge. For uncounted centuries the Little People had hived and swarmed from cleft to cleft, and swarmed again, staining the white marble with stale honey, and made their combs tall and deep and black in the dark of the inner caves, and neither man nor beast, nor fire nor water, had ever touched them. The length of the gorge on both sides was hung, as it were, with black shimmery velvet curtains, and Mowgli sank as he looked, for those were the clotted millions of the sleeping bees. There were other lumps and festoons, and things like decayed tree-trunks studded on the face of the rock, the old comb of past years, or new cities built in the shadow of the windless gorge; and huge masses of spongy, rotten trash had rolled down and stuck among the trees and creepers that clung to the rock-face. As he listened, he heard more than once the rustle and slide of a honey-loaded comb turning over or falling away somewhere in the dark galleries; then a booming of angry wings, and the sullen drip, drip, drip, of the wasted honey, guttering along till it lipped over some ledge in the open air and sluggishly trickled down on the twigs. There was a tiny little beach not five feet broad on one side of the river, and that was piled high with the rubbish of uncounted years. There were dead bees, drones, sweepings, and stale combs, and wings of marauding moths that had strayed in after honey, all tumbled in smooth piles of the finest black dust. The mere sharp smell of it was enough to frighten anything that had no wings, and knew what the Little People were.

Kaa moved up stream again till he came to a sandy bar at the head of the gorge.

"Here is this season's kill," said he. "Look!"

On the bank lay the skeletons of a couple of young deer and a buffalo. Mowgli could see that no wolf or jackal had touched the bones, which were laid out naturally.

"They came beyond the line; they did not know the law," murmured Mowgli, "and the Little People killed them. Let us go ere they wake."

"They do not wake till the dawn," said Kaa. "Now I will tell thee. A hunted buck from the South, many, many rains ago—came hither from the South, not knowing the jungle, a pack on his trail. Being made blind by fear he leaped from above, the pack running by sight, for they were hot and blind on the trail. The sun was high, and the Little People were many and very angry. Many, too, were those of the pack who leaped into the Waingunga, but they were dead ere they took water. Those who did not leap died also, in the rocks above. But the buck lived."

"How?"

"Because he came first, running for his life, leaping ere the Little People were aware, and was in the river when they gathered to kill. The pack following was altogether lost under the weight of the Little People."

"The buck lived," Mowgli repeated slowly.

"At least he did not die *then*, though none waited his coming down with a strong body to hold him safe against the water, as a certain old fat, deaf, yellow worm would wait for a manling—yea, though there were all the *dholes* of the Dekkan on his trail. What is in thy stomach?"

"It is to pull the very whiskers of Death; but—Kaa, thou art the wisest of all the jungle."

"So many have said. Look, now! If the *dholes* follow thee——"

"As surely they will follow. Ho! Ho! I have many little thorns under my tongue to prick into their hides."

"If they follow thee hot and blind, looking only at thy shoulders, those who do not die up above will take water either here or lower down, for the Little People will rise up and cover them. Now the Waingunga is hungry water, and they will have no Kaa to hold them, but will go down, such as live, to the shallows by the Seeonee lairs, and there the pack may meet them by the throat."

"Ahai! Eowawa! Better could not be till the rains fall in the dry season. There is now only the little matter of the run and the leap. I will make me known to the *dholes*, so that they shall follow me very closely."

"Hast thou seen the rocks above thee—from the landward side?"

"Indeed, no. That I had forgotten."

"Go, look. It is all rotten ground, cut and full of holes. One of thy clumsy feet set down without seeing would end the hunt. See, I leave thee here, and, for thy sake only, I will carry word to the pack, that they may know where to look for the *dholes*. For myself, I am not of one skin with *any* wolf."

When Kaa disliked an acquaintance he could be more unpleasant than any of the jungle people, except, perhaps, Bagheera. He swam down stream like an arrow, and opposite the rock he came on Phao and Akela listening to the night noises.

"Hsh, dogs!" he said cheerfully. "The *dholes* will come down stream. If ye be not afraid, ye can kill them in the shallows."

"When come they?" said Phao.

"And where is my man cub?" said Akela.

"They come when they come," said Kaa. "Wait and see. As for *thy* man cub, from whom thou hast taken his word, and so laid him open to death, *thy* man cub is with *me*, and if he be not already dead, the fault is none of thine, bleached dog! Wait here for the *dholes*, and be glad that the man cub and I strike on thy side this day."

He flashed up stream again, and moored himself in the middle of the gorge, looking upwards at the line of the cliff. Presently he saw Mowgli's head move against the stars, and then there was a whiz in the air, the keen, clean *schloop* of a body falling feet first, and next minute the boy was at rest again in the loop of Kaa's body.

"It is no leap by night," said Mowgli quietly. "I have jumped twice as far for sport; but that is an evil place above—low bushes, and gullies that go down very deep—all full of the Little People. I have put big stones, one above the other, by the side of three gullies. These I shall throw down with my feet in running, and the Little People will rise up behind me very angry."

"That is man's talk," said Kaa. "Thou art wise, but the Little People are always angry."

"Nay, at twilight all wings near and far rest for a while. I will play with the *dhole* at twilight, for the *dhole* hunts best by day. He follows now *Won-tolla's* blood trail."

"Chil does not leave a dead ox, nor the *dhole* a blood trail," said Kaa.

"Then I will make him a new blood trail of his own blood, if I can, and give him dirt to eat. Thou wilt stay here, Kaa, till I come with my *dholes?*"

"Ay; but what if they kill thee in the jungle, or the Little People kill thee before thou canst leap down to the river?"

"When to-morrow comes we will kill for to-morrow," said Mowgli, quoting a jungle saying; and, again, "When I am dead it is time to sing the death song. Good hunting, Kaa."

He loosed his arm from the python's neck and went down the gorge like a log in a freshet, paddling towards the far bank, where he found slack water, and laughing aloud from sheer happiness. There was nothing Mowgli liked better than, as he himself said, "to pull the whiskers of Death," and make the jungle understand that he was their over-lord. He had often, with Baloo's help, robbed bees' nests in single trees, and he knew that the Little People hated the smell of wild garlic. So he gathered a small bundle of it, tied it up with a bark string, and then followed *Won-tolla's* blood trail as it ran southerly from the lairs for some five miles, looking at the trees with his head on one side, and chuckling as he looked.

"Mowgli the Frog have I been," said he to himself; "Mowgli the Wolf have I said that I am. Now, Mowgli the Ape must I be before I am Mowgli the Buck. At the end I shall be Mowgli the Man. Ho!" and he ran his thumb along the eighteen-inch blade of his knife.

Won-tolla's trail, all rank with dark blood spots, ran under a forest of thick trees that grew close together and stretched away northeastward, gradually growing thinner and thinner to within two miles of the Bee Rocks. From the last tree to the low scrub of the Bee Rocks was open country, where there was hardly cover enough to hide a wolf. Mowgli trotted along under the trees, judging distances between branch and branch, occasionally climbing up a trunk, and taking a trial leap from one tree to another, till he came to the open ground, which he studied very carefully for an hour. Then he turned, picked up *Won-tolla's* trail where he had left it, settled himself in a tree with an outrunning branch some eight feet from the ground, hung his bunch of garlic in a safe crotch, and sat still, sharpening his knife on the sole of his foot, and singing to himself.

A little before mid-day, when the sun was very warm, he heard the patter of feet and smelt the abominable smell of the *dhole* pack as they trotted steadily and pitilessly along *Won-tolla's* trail. Seen from above the red *dhole* does not look half the size of a wolf, but Mowgli knew how strong his feet and jaws were. He watched the sharp bay head of the leader snuffing along the trail and gave him "good hunting!"

The brute looked up, and his companions halted behind him, scores and scores of red dogs with low-hung tails, heavy shoulders, weak quarters, and bloody mouths. The *dholes* are a very silent people as a rule, and they have no manners, even in their own jungle. Fully two hundred must have gathered below him, but he could see that the leaders sniffed hungrily on *Won-tolla's* trail and tried to drag the pack forward. That would never do, or they would be at the lairs in broad daylight, and Mowgli intended to hold them under his tree till twilight.

"By whose leave do ye come here?" said Mowgli.

"All jungles are our jungles," was the reply, and the *dhole* that gave it bared his white teeth. Mowgli looked down with a smile, and imitated perfectly the sharp *chitter-chatter* of Chikai, the leaping rat of the Dekkan, meaning the *dholes* to understand that he considered them no better than Chikai. The pack closed up round the tree-trunk, and the leader bayed savagely, calling Mowgli a tree-ape. For all answer Mowgli stretched down one naked leg and wriggled his bare toes just above the leader's head. That was enough, and more than enough, to wake the pack to stupid rage. Those who have hair between their toes do not care to be reminded of it. Mowgli caught his foot away as the leader leaped up, and said sweetly: "Dog—red dog! go back to the Dekkan and eat lizards. Go to Chikai thy brother—dog—dog—red, red dog! There is hair between every toe!" He twiddled his toes a second time.

"Come down ere we starve thee out, hairless ape," yelled the pack, and this was exactly what Mowgli wanted. He laid himself down along the branch, his cheek to the bark, his right arm free, and for some five minutes he told the pack what he thought and knew about them, their manners, their customs, their mates, and their puppies. There is no speech in the world so rancorous and so stinging as the language the jungle people use to show scorn and contempt. When you come to think of it, you will see how this must be so. As Mowgli told Kaa, he had many little thorns under his tongue, and slowly and deliberately he drove the *dholes* from silence to growls, from growls to yells, and from yells to hoarse, slavery ravings. They tried to answer his taunts, but a cub might as well have tried to answer Kaa in a rage; and all the while Mowgli's right hand lay crooked at his side, ready for action, his feet locked round the branch. The big bay leader had leaped many times in the air, but Mowgli dared not risk a false blow. At last, made furious beyond his natural strength, he bounded up seven or eight feet, clear of the ground. Then Mowgli's hand shot out like the head of a tree-snake and gripped him by the scruff of his neck, and the branch shook with the jar as his weight fell back, and Mowgli was almost wrenched on to the ground. But he never loosed his grip, and inch by inch he hauled the beast, hanging like a drowned jackal, up on the branch. With his left hand he reached for his knife, and cut off the red bushy tail, flinging the *dhole* back to earth again. That was all he needed. The *dholes* would not go forward on *Won-tolla's* trail now till they had killed Mowgli. He saw them settle down in circles, with a quiver of the haunches that meant they were going to stay till he dropped out of the tree, and so he climbed to a higher

crotch, settled his back comfortably, and went to sleep.

After three or four hours he waked and counted the pack. They were all there, silent, husky, and dry, with eyes of steel. The sun was beginning to sink. In half an hour the Little People of the Rocks would be ending their labors, and, as you know, the *dhole* does not fight well in the twilight.

"I did not need such faithful watchers," he said politely, standing up on a branch, "but I will remember this. Ye be true *dholes*, but, to my thinking, too much of one kind. For that reason I do not give the big lizard-eater his tail again. Art thou not pleased, Red Dog?"

"I myself will tear out thy stomach," yelled the leader, scratching at the foot of the tree.

"Nay, but consider, wise rat of the Dekkan. There will now be many litters of little tailless red dogs—yea, with raw red stumps that sting when the sand is hot. Go home, Red Dog, and cry that an ape has done this. Ye will not go? Come, then, with me, and I will make ye very wise."

He moved, Bandar-log fashion, into the next tree, and so on into the next and the next; the pack following with lifted, hungry heads. Now and then he would pretend to fall, and the pack would tumble one over the other in their haste to be at the death. It was a curious sight—the boy with the knife that shone in the low sunlight as it shifted through the upper branches, and the silent pack with their red coats all aflame, huddling and following below. When he came to the last tree, he took the garlic and rubbed himself all over carefully, and the *dholes* yelled with scorn. "Ape with a wolf's tongue, dost thou think to cover thy scent?" they said. "We will follow to the death."

"Take thy tail," said Mowgli, flinging it back along the course he had taken. The pack naturally rushed after it. "And follow now—to the death."

He had slipped down the tree-trunk, and headed like the wind, in bare feet, for the Bee Rocks, before the *dholes* saw what he would do.

They gave one deep howl, and settled down to the long, lobbing canter that can, at the last, run down anything that lives. Mowgli knew their pack-pace to be much slower than that of the wolves, or he would never have risked a two-mile run in full sight. They were sure that the boy was theirs at last, and he was sure that he had them to play with as he pleased. All his trouble was to keep them sufficiently hot behind him to prevent them turning off too soon. He ran cleanly, evenly, and springily, the tailless leader not five yards behind him, and the pack stringing out over perhaps a quarter of a mile of ground, crazy and blind with the rage of slaughter. Mowgli kept his distance by ear, reserving his last effort for the rush across the Bee Rocks.

The Little People had gone to sleep in the early twilight, for it was not the season of late-blossoming flowers; but as Mowgli's first footfalls rang hollow on the hollow ground, he heard a sound as though all the earth were humming. Then he ran as he had never run in his life before; spurned aside one, two, three of the piles of stones into the dark, sweet-smelling gullies; heard a roar like the roar of the sea in a cave; saw with the tail of his eye the air grow dark behind him, saw the current of the Waingunga far below, and a flat diamond-shaped head in the water; leaped outward with all his strength, the tailless *dhole* snapping at his shoulder in mid-air, and dropped feet first to the safety of the river, breathless and triumphant. When he rose, Kaa's coils were steadying him, and things were bounding over the edge of the cliff—great lumps, it seemed, of clustered bees falling like plummets; but before a lump touched water the bees flew upward, and the body of a *dhole* whirled down stream. Overhead they could hear furious short yells that were drowned in a roar like thunder—the roar of the wings of the Little People of the Rocks. Some of the *dholes*, too, had fallen into the gullies that communicated with the underground caves, and there choked and fought and snapped among the tumbled honey-combs, and at last, borne up even when they were dead, on the heaving waves of bees beneath them, shot out of some hole in the river face, to roll over on the black rubbish heaps. There were *dholes* who had leaped short into the trees on the cliffs, and the bees blotted out their shapes; but the greater number of them, maddened by the stings, had flung themselves into the river; and, as Kaa said, the Waingunga was hungry water.

Kaa held Mowgli fast till the boy had recovered his breath.

"We may not stay here," he said "The Little People are roused indeed. Come!"

Swimming low and diving as often as he could, Mowgli went down the river with the knife in his hand.

"Slowly, slowly," said Kaa. "One

tooth does not kill a hundred unless it be a cobra's, and many of the *dholes* took water swiftly when they saw the Little People rise."

"The more work for my knife then. Phai! How the Little People follow!" Mowgli sank again. The face of the water was blanketed with wild bees buzzing sullenly, and stinging what they found.

"Nothing was ever yet lost by silence," said Kaa—no sting could penetrate his scales—"and thou hast all the long night for the hunting. Hear them howl."

Nearly half the pack had seen the trap their fellows rushed into, and, turning sharp aside, had flung themselves into the water where the gorge broke down in steep banks. Their cries of rage and their threats against the "tree-ape" who had brought them to their shame, mixed with the yells and growls of those who had been punished by the Little People. To remain ashore was death, and every *dhole* knew it. The pack was swept along the current, down and down to the deep eddies of the Peace Pool; but even there the angry Little People followed, and forced them to the water again. Mowgli could hear the voice of the tailless leader bidding his people hold on and kill out every wolf in Seeonee. But he did not waste his time in listening.

"One kills in the dark behind us!" snapped a *dhole*. "Here is tainted water!"

Mowgli had dived forward like an otter, twitched a struggling *dhole* under water before he could open his mouth, and dark, oily rings rose in the Peace Pool as the body plopped up, turning on its side. The *dholes* tried to turn, but the current swept them on, and the Little People darted at their heads and ears, and they could hear the challenge of the Seeonee Pack growing louder and deeper in the gathering darkness. Again Mowgli dived, and again a *dhole* went under and rose dead; and again the clamor broke out at the rear of the pack, some howling that it was best to go ashore, others calling on their leader to lead them back to the Dekkan, and others bidding Mowgli show himself and be killed.

"They come to the fight with two stomachs and several voices," said Kaa. "The rest is with thy brethren below, yonder. The Little People go back to sleep. They have chased us far."

A wolf came running along the bank on three legs, leaping up and down, laying his head sideways close to the ground, hunching his back, and beating three feet in the air as though he were playing with his cubs. It was *Won-tolla* the out-lier, and he said never a word, but continued his horrible sport alongside the *dholes*. They had been long in the water now, and were swimming laboriously, their coats drenched and heavy, and their bushy tails dragging like sponges; so tired and shaken that they too were silent, watching the pair of blazing eyes that moved abreast of them.

"This is no good hunting," said one at last.

"Good hunting," said Mowgli, as he rose boldly at the brute's side and sent the long knife home behind the shoulder, pushing hard to avoid his dying snap.

"Art thou there, man cub?" said *Won-tolla*.

"Ask of the dead, out-lier," Mowgli replied. "Have none come down stream? I have filled these dogs' mouths with dirt; I have tricked them in the broad daylight, and their leader lacks his tail; but here be some feed for thee still. Whither shall I drive them?"

"I will wait," said *Won-tolla*. "The long night is before me, but I shall see well."

Nearer and nearer came the bay of the Seeonee wolves. "For the pack, for the full pack, it is met!" and a bend in the river drove the *dholes* forward among the sands and shoals opposite the lairs.

Then they saw their mistake. They should have landed half a mile higher up, and rushed the wolves on dry ground. Now it was too late. The bank was lined with burning eyes, and, except for the horrible *pheeal* cry that had never stopped since sundown, there was no sound in the jungle. It seemed as though *Won-tolla* were fawning on them to come ashore, and —"Turn and fight!" said the leader of the *dholes*. The entire pack flung themselves at the shore, threshing and squallering through the shoal water till the face of the Waingunga was all white and torn, and the great ripples went from side to side like bow-waves from a boat. Mowgli followed the rush, stabbing and slicing as the *dholes*, huddled together, rushed up the river beach in a wave.

Then the long fight began—heaving and straining, and splitting and scattering, and narrowing and broadening, along the red, wet sands, and over and between the tangled tree-roots, and through and among the brushes, and in and out of the grass clumps, for even now the *dholes* were two to one. But they met wolves fighting for all that made the pack, and not only the short,

deep-chested, white-tusked hunters of the pack, but the anxious-eyed *lahinis*—the she-wolves of the lair, as the saying is—fighting for their litters, with here and there a yearling wolf, his first coat still half woolly, tugging and grappling by their sides. A wolf, you must know, flies at the throat or snaps at the flank, while a *dhole*, by preference, bites at the belly; so, when the *dholes* were struggling out of the water, and had to raise their heads, the odds were with the wolves. On dry land the wolves suffered. But in the water or on land, Mowgli's knife came and went the same. The Four, leaping high, had worked their way to his side. Grey Brother, crouched between the boy's knees, was protecting his stomach, while the others guarded his back and either side, or stood over him when the shock of a leaping, yelling *dhole* who had thrown himself full on the steady blade bore him down. For the rest, it was one tangled confusion—a locked and swaying mob that moved from right to left, and from left to right, along the bank, and also ground round and round slowly on its own centre. Here would be a heaving mound, like a water-blister in a whirlpool, which would break like a water-blister, and throw up four or five mangled dogs, each striving to get back to the centre; here would be a single wolf borne down by two or three *dholes*, laboriously dragging them forward, and sinking the while; here a yearling cub would be held up by the pressure round him, though he had been killed early in the fight, while his mother, crazed with dumb rage, rolled over and over, snapping and passing on; and in the middle of the thickest fight, perhaps, one wolf and one *dhole*, forgetting everything else, would be manœuvring for first hold till they were swept away by a rush of tumbling fighters. Once Mowgli passed Akela, a *dhole* on either flank, and his all but toothless jaws closed over the loins of a third; and once he saw Phaon, his teeth set in the throat of a *dhole*, tugging the unwilling beast forward till the yearlings could finish him; but the bulk of the fight was blind flurry and smother in the dark—hit, trip, and tumble; yelp, groan, and worry, worry, worry, round him and behind him and above him. As the night wore on, the quick giddy-go-round motion increased. The *dholes* were wearied and afraid to attack the stronger wolves, but did not yet dare to run away; but Mowgli felt that the end was coming soon, and contented himself with striking to cripple. The yearlings were growing bolder; there was time now and again to breathe; and now the mere flicker of the knife would sometimes turn a *dhole* aside.

"The meat is very near the bone," Grey Brother gasped. He was bleeding from a score of flesh-wounds.

"But the bone is yet to be cracked," said Mowgli. "Aowawa! *Thus* do we do in the jungle!" The red blade ran like a flame along the side of a *dhole* whose hind quarters were hidden by the weight of a clinging wolf.

"My kill!" snorted the wolf through his wrinkled nostrils. "Leave him to me!"

"Is thy stomach still empty, out-lier?" said Mowgli. *Won-tolla* was fearfully punished, but his grip had paralyzed the *dhole*, who could not turn round and get at him.

"By the bull that bought me," said Mowgli, with a bitter laugh, "it is the tailless one." And indeed it was the big bay-colored leader.

"It is not wise to kill cubs and *lahinis*," Mowgli went on, philosophically, wiping the blood out of his eyes, "unless one had also killed the out-lier, and it is in my stomach that this *Won-tolla* kills thee."

A *dhole* leaped to his leader's aid, but, before his teeth had found *Won-tolla's* flank, Mowgli's knife was in his throat, and Grey Brother took what was left.

"And thus do we do in the jungle," said Mowgli.

Won-tolla said not a word, only his jaws were closing and closing on the backbone as his life ebbed. The *dhole* shuddered, his head dropped, and he lay still, and *Won-tolla* dropped above him, dead also.

"Hsh! The blood debt is paid," said Mowgli. "Sing the song, *Won-tolla*."

"He hunts no more," said Grey Brother, "and Akela, too, is silent, this long time."

"The bone is cracked!" thundered Phao, son of Phaon. "They go! Kill! Kill out, O hunters of the free people!"

Dhole after *dhole* was slinking away from those dark and bloody sands to the river, to the thick jungle, up-stream or down-stream, as he saw the road clear.

"The debt! The debt!" shouted Mowgli. "Pay the debt! They have slain the Lone Wolf! Let not a dog go!"

He was flying to the river, knife in hand, to check any *dhole* who dared to take water, when from under a mound of dead rose Akela's head and fore quarters, and Mowgli dropped on his knees beside the Lone Wolf dying.

"Said I not it would be my last fight?" Akela gasped. "It is good hunting. And thou, Little Brother?"

"I live, having killed many."

"Even so. I die, and I would—I would die by thee, Little Brother."

Mowgli took the terribly scarred head on his knees, and put his arms round the torn neck.

"It is long since the old days of Shere Khan and a man cub that rolled naked in the chest."

"Nay, nay, I am a wolf. I am of one skin with the free people," Mowgli cried. "It is no will of mine that I am a man."

"Thou art a man, Little Brother, wolfling of my watching; thou art a man, or else the pack had fled before the *dhole*. My life I owe to thee: and to-day thou hast saved the pack even as once I saved thee. Hast thou forgotten? All debts are paid now. Go to thine own people. I tell thee again, eye of my eye, this hunting is ended. Go to thine own people."

"I will never go. I will hunt alone in the jungle."

"After the summer come the rains, and after the rains comes the spring. Go back before thou art driven."

"Who will drive me?"

"Mowgli will drive Mowgli. Go back to thy people. Go to man."

"*When* Mowgli drives Mowgli I will go," Mowgli answered.

"There is no more," said Akela. "Little Brother, canst thou raise me to my feet? I also am a leader of the free people."

Very carefully and gently Mowgli lifted the bodies aside and raised Akela to his feet, both arms round him, and the Lone Wolf drew a deep breath and began the death song that a leader of the pack should sing when he dies. It gathered strength as he went on, lifting and lifting, and ringing far across the river, till it came to the last "Good Hunting," and Akela shook himself clear of Mowgli for an instant, and, leaping into the air, fell backwards dead upon his last and most terrible kill.

Mowgli sat with his head on his knees, careless of anything else, while the last of the flying *dholes* were being overtaken and run down by the merciless *lahinis*. Little by little the cries died away, and the wolves came back, limping as their wounds stiffened, to take stock of the dead. Fifteen of the pack, as well as half a dozen *lahinis*, were dead by the river, and of the others, not one was unmarked. And Mowgli sat through it all till the cold daybreak, when Phao's wet, red muzzle was dropped in his hand, and Mowgli drew back to show the gaunt body of Akela.

"Good hunting!" said Phao, as though Akela were still alive; and then, over his bitten shoulder, to the others: "Howl, dogs! A wolf has died to-night!"

But of all the pack of two hundred fighting *dholes*, not one returned to the Dekkan to carry that news.

MOLTKE IN HIS EIGHTY-NINTH YEAR.

From a photograph by F. Jamrath and Son, Berlin.

MOLTKE IN WAR.

By Archibald Forbes,

War Correspondent of the London "Daily News," and author of "My Experiences of the War between France and Germany," etc.

A WELL-KNOWN military writer has ventured on the statement that "Moltke's plans were always framed on the hypothesis that he would meet with foemen worthy of his steel."

This is an error, and, if true, would not enhance Moltke's merit as a strategist. He was good enough, on one occasion when I had the honor to meet him, to make a few remarks regarding his methods. "He who would win in war," said he, "must put himself in his enemy's place. He should know all that can be known about that enemy, the character and idiosyncrasy of the chief, not less than the strength and spirit of the army he commands. Keep to the axioms of war," he continued, with some animation, "but do not hesitate to

violate them when a specific opportunity presents itself for making a stroke by disregarding them unexpectedly. Be clear in your own conception as to what has to be done, and painstaking in making clear to the executants that which is clear to the conceiver. Yet there must be left to individual commanders, in whose capacity perfect confidence must be reposed, the fullest and freest discretion in regard to details. What has to be achieved is the result."

In his methods, both in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 and the Franco-German war of 1870–71, Moltke freely illustrated those views. Once and again he took the most startling liberties with his enemy. Over and over again he violated the rules of war which rest upon experience, and ventured on operations of extraordinary audacity. And this he did, simply because he had made it a duty to gauge the calibre of the men who were opposed to him, and had formed his estimate of their capacity, or their incapacity, as the case might be.

HOW MOLTKE GOT THE AUSTRIANS BETWEEN THE UPPER AND NETHER MILLSTONE.

The boldness of Moltke's plan of campaign for the invasion of Bohemia, no doubt resulted from his assured conviction of Benedek's incapacity and his belief in the effect of the needle-gun. Critics were amazed at the seeming audacity which sent into an enemy's country two armies distant from each other over one hundred miles, while that enemy, nearly as strong as both together, held the interior lines, and might therefore concentrate against either while the other was too far distant to effect a diversion. But Moltke knew his man. At his desk in Berlin, whence he was telegraphing to the armies in the field the successive movements which, after hard fighting, culminated in the mutual approach which was to decide the issue at a stroke, he must have smiled sardonically at Benedek's squandering of the advantages of the interior lines, and at the disasters that chief was sustaining in the unsuccessful effort to balk the vigorous offensive measures which both invading armies were prosecuting.

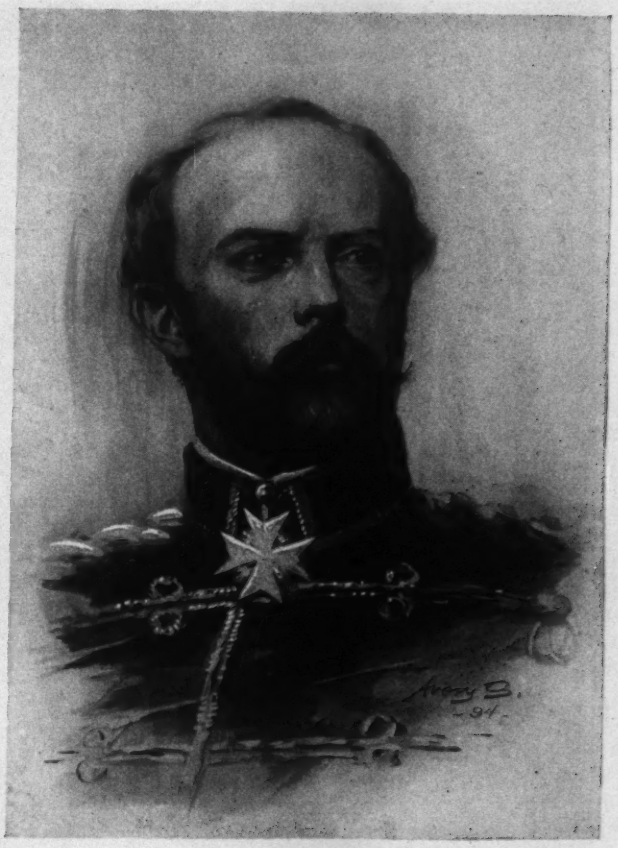
The campaign of 1866 is familiarly known as the "Seven Weeks' War;" but a truer name for it would be the "Eight Days' War," for the first action was fought on June 26th, and the momentous battle of Sadowa, fought on July 3d, virtually ended the campaign. In the first five days of this period there occurred eight severe actions, in all of which the Prussians took the offensive, and in seven of which they were the conquerors. How hard was the fighting during those five days may be estimated from the fact that the Austrian losses amounted to forty thousand men. At the end of the five days' fighting the relative positions of the two Prussian armies were such that Benedek could not confront one without being assailed in the rear by the other. He was, in fact, between the upper and the nether millstone.

This plight of his adversary had been led up to by the strategy of Moltke, communicated by him by telegraph from Berlin to the generals in the field. Now that he had thus promptly and successfully brought the converging Prussian armies in touch with each other, the time had come for his royal master and himself to go to the front and join issue with Benedek in a decisive battle. They reached Gitschin, in the immediate rear of Prince Frederick Charles's army, on July 2d. The

MOLTKE'S BIRTH PLACE, AT PARCHIM IN THE DUCHY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

The first two second-floor windows on the right look from the room in which Moltke was born.

crisis was approaching, although there was no expectation of a great battle on the following day. But that same evening the Red Prince's scouts brought back tidings that the Austrian army was taking up a position on the Bistritz, within a short march of Prince Frederick Charles's front. A prompt and skilful soldier, the prince recognized the situation at once. It was not yet dark when the gallopers dashed out from his headquarters in Kamenitz, carrying the prince's detailed orders to the various corps of his army for their immediate concentration to the front. Half an hour later a staff officer was galloping across country to Königinhof with a request from Prince Frederick Charles to the Crown Prince to coöperate with an army corps against the Austrian right flank.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, KNOWN AS "THE RED PRINCE."

He was a nephew of Emperor William I. He died near Potsdam, June 15, 1885.

A SWIFT MOVEMENT IN THE NIGHT.

It was about eleven P.M., and King William had just lain down on his campbed in the "Golden Lion" in Gitschin, when there entered to him General Voights-Rhetz, Prince Frederick Charles's chief of staff, sent back from Kamenitz to inform his Majesty of the momentous reasons for the altered dispositions submitted for the royal approval. King William sent Voights-Rhetz across the market-place to Moltke, who was already abed and asleep. Roused by Voights-Rhetz with the thrilling words, "The Austrians are on the Bistritz," Moltke sprang out of bed with a "Thank God!" In his own words, "The information dispelled all doubts, and lifted a weight from my heart;" and, hurrying to the king, he explained to his Majesty the new situation. On his way across the market-place he had formed the plan of action which he briefly submitted to his Majesty, and obtained his approval thereof. All three Prussian armies were to cooperate. To the centre (Prince Frederick Charles's army) fell the arduous task of supporting a detaining engagement for several hours, pending the arrival on the Austrian right flank of the Crown Prince, after a severe march of over ten miles, while General Herwath, with the Army of the Elbe, was to strike the Austrian left flank. The feature of the scheme was the double-flank attack by both the flanking armies.

Voights-Rhetz rode away to Kamenitz at midnight, bringing back to the Red Prince the instructions for his command.

Count Finckenstein galloped twenty-eight miles in three hours, through the darkness, and over an intricate country, carrying to Königinhof the orders to the Crown Prince to hurry his army against the Austrian right flank.

THE BATTLE OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

By four in the morning, Moltke with his staff officers was riding through the foggy drizzle on his way to the heights in front of Sadowa. Before the king arrived there at eight, the first shot had been fired, and half an hour later the cannonade was in full vigor all along the Bistritz. Then the Prussian infantry moved down to assail the villages on the stream, and immediately

THE BATTLE OF SADOWA OR KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

The horseman in the centre is Emperor William I. Beside him rides Prince Frederick Charles, while just behind him rides Prince Bismarck. Riding at Bismarck's right is Moltke. After a painting by Charles Sell. From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

the battle waxed fierce. Franseky, on the Prussian left, dashed on Benatek; Horne promptly flung his Brandenburgers against Sadowa; Herwath's Pomeranians battled their way into the blazing Dohalitz; and Werder led his division through the Austrian cannon fire upon Mokrovous. An hour's hard fighting sufficed to carry the villages; but the attempts to press up the wooded slopes beyond were unsuccessful in the face of the stubborn Austrian defence, and even the advantage gained was held with difficulty.

Three hours passed of stationary fighting and terrible slaughter, but Moltke's confidence in the issue was unimpaired. To a question put by the king, his quiet, assured answer was, "Your Majesty, today will not only win the battle, but will decide the war." At length was visible the smoke of the Crown Prince's cannon; the Austrians began to waver, and the order was given for a general advance. The storming masses swept up the slopes, pierced the belt of wood, overwhelmed the Austrian batteries on the upland beyond, and fell on the rear of the retreating enemy. The Prussian cavalry crossed the stream, galloped up the slope, and debouched on the blood-stained plateau. Furious encounters occurred between the Prussian squadrons and the valiant Austrian horse fighting desperately to cover the retreat. Moltke and his royal master were in the heart of the *mêlée*, but escaped uninjured. After riding over the battle-field, the king went for the night to the adjacent village of Horitz. Moltke had to ride twenty miles back to Gitschin, where the bureaux were, to prepare orders for the new situation resulting from the victory. Unlike Dugald Dalgetty, he had neglected the "proviant," and had been beholden in the battle to an Uhlan for a slice of sausage. When he reached Gitschin at midnight, he was so exhausted that he threw himself on his bed in his clothes, and instantly fell asleep. It had been a great day for Prussia, of the triumph of which, while the brave soldiers had been the doers, he had been the planner. The battle of Königgrätz, fought on the 3d of July, 1866, in effect ended the war.

MOLTKE ANNOUNCING VICTORY TO KING WILLIAM AT GRAVELOTTE. "THE VICTORY IS WITH YOUR MAJESTY," HIS WORDS WERE.

MOLTKE AN ORGANIZER OF VICTORY.

Moltke's specific *metier* in war time was that of the strategist. He will figure through the ages as the organizer of victory. He was not the thunderbolt, but the master and director of the thunderbolts. He was not present at any of the five earlier battles of the Franco-German war, and it was on the momentous day of Gravelotte that he first, in that war, heard the near roar of cannon. The previous battles had been incidental, and, so to speak, fortuitous. On the quiet day before Gravelotte, there was for him the leisurely opportunity to plan and organize the methodized scheme of action by following out which the Prussian armies were to gain the great victory of the memorable August 18, 1870. But on the afternoon of Gravelotte there occurred a crisis, to meet which Moltke, for once in his later career, regarded it as incumbent on him to lead troops on into actual strife, and inspire them with ardor by his presence at their head under close and heavy hostile fire. This episode is little known, and deserves to be narrated.

It was about six P.M. when Steinmetz got the order to cross the Mance ravine and attack the French position at Point du Jour. The German belief was that the French left was quite spent; and the error cost the Teutons dear. As the heads of Steinmetz's columns showed themselves on the edge of the plateau, the French flung aside the mask of exhaustion. The thunder of their long-silent artillery broke

forth in fullest volume. The French infantry, relieved for the moment from the trammels of the defensive, dashed forward with the grand old *élan*, and swept the Germans back into the Mance ravine. That deep hollow was a horrible pandemonium, wherein seethed struggling masses of German soldiery, torn by the shell fire of the French batteries, writhing under the stings of the *mitrailleuse*, bewildered between inevitable death in front and no less inevitable defeat behind. Again and again frantic efforts were being made to force up out of the hell in the ravine, and gain a foothold on the edge of the plateau beyond; and ever the cruel steel of death beat them back and crushed them down.

HOW MOLTKE HEADED THE COLUMN AT GRAVELOTTE.

Moltke was equal to the emergency. The Second Army Corps, after a long forced march, had approached Gravelotte. He, followed by his staff, rode to its head, and hurried it forward to retrieve the situation. In the lurid glare of a blazing village the German king stood by the wayside, stimulating the ardor of his stalwart Pomeranians. High over the roll of the drums, the blare of the bugles, and the crash of the cannon, rose the eager bursts of cheering as the soldiers answered their sovereign's greeting. Moltke, Steinmetz, and Franseky the corps commander, riding abreast, led the corps down into the ravine and up its farther slope to the edge of the plateau. In the words of the "Official History": "Under the eyes of those officers of high rank, the battalions hurried forward, drums beating and bugles sounding, eager to throw themselves into the struggle amid the encouraging cheers of the chiefs." As the Pomeranians deployed on the plateau, the French fire struck them fair in the face, and they were struck, too, by a broad rushing stream of fugitives from the front; but they stoutly battled their way forward through the growing darkness, Moltke and Steinmetz cheering them on.

Meanwhile the king had gone back to Rezonville, where he sat in the village street on a plank, one end of which rested on a broken gun-carriage, the other on a dead horse. The roar of the close battle swelled and deepened till the very ground trembled. The night fell like a pall, but the blaze of the adjacent conflagration lit up the anxious group by the churchyard wall. From out the medley of broken troops in front came suddenly a great shout that grew in volume as it rolled nearer. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later Moltke, his face for once quivering with

MOLTKE AT SEDAN WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE.

After a painting by A. V. Werner. From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

MOLTKE AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

excitement, sprang from the saddle, and, running towards the king, cried out: "It is good for us; the position has been retrieved, and the victory is with your majesty!" The king, baring his head, sprang to his feet with a fervent, "God be thanked!" and a simultaneous hurrah welcomed the glad tidings.

MOLTKE AT SEDAN.

With characteristic promptitude Moltke had reaped the fruits of the great victory of Gravelotte. The French Army of the Rhine had been thrown back on Metz. During the night between the 18th and 19th of August, while King William slept in the attic of a shell-shattered house in the squalid village of Rezonville, Moltke and his staff officers, huddled in an adjacent hovel, planned the changed dispositions which the new situation demanded. To Prince Frederick Charles was allotted the investment of Metz with one hundred and fifty thousand men. A couple of days later the army of the Crown Prince and

the newly constituted "Army of the Meuse," together numbering over two hundred and twenty thousand men, were on the march toward Paris on a broad front. Marshal McMahon with a French army of reserve, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand strong, was known to be at Chalons; and the natural expectation in the German headquarters was that he would fall back on Paris. Not until the afternoon of the 25th had Moltke the assurance that McMahon was on the march towards Metz for the relief of Bazaine, by a wide turning movement towards the north, round the German right flank. Moltke acted promptly. The German hosts, with extraordinary alacrity and deftness, were made to change front to the right, and to march swiftly forward, to strike McMahon in the act of his exposure of his strategic flank. The German cavalry clung closely to the skirts of the bewildered Frenchmen, harassing them in skirmishes, and covering the German movements by an impenetrable screen. On the 30th was fought the battle of Beaumont, where the French fought with despairing gallantry; but were finally headed off from the movement toward Metz, and were fain to obey McMahon's order to concentrate about Sedan, where the dishevelled and shattered corps gathered wearily during the 31st.

STATUE OF MOLTKE AT PARCHIM, HIS NATIVE TOWN; ERECTED IN 1876.

The early morning of the 1st of September disclosed to the Germans the French army in position on a curved front around the obsolete fortress of Sedan. Its leaders had apparently failed adequately to realize the desperate character of the situation. An army that can fight can march; yet the plea is put forward that on this day the French army was incapable of making a disciplined march involving fighting; the assertion was that it "could only fight where it stood." In effect, it was in a complete trap, extrication from which was humanly impossible. On the south and along one-half of the western side the impassable Meuse bounded the position; the Belgian frontier was close to it on the north. Moltke's dispositions were simple, but effective. The army of the Meuse was to attack the enemy's eastward positions in order to detain him there; two corps of the Crown Prince's army, having occupied on the west the space between the bend of the river and the frontier, were to move to meet the advancing right of the Meuse army, and so fasten the clasp of the belt of environment.

Moltke, by his masterly and resolute

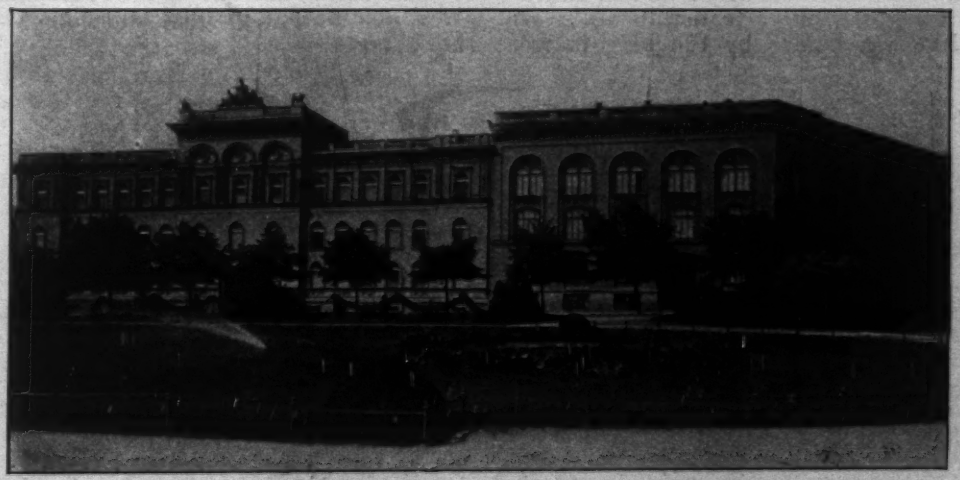
strategy, had deserved victory, and that victory was now certain because of the overpowering superiority of the German strength, and the feebleness and exhaustion of the French. But mere victory would not content him ; it was his determination to effect the unparalleled achievement of compelling the surrender, in the open field, of an army still numbering over one hundred thousand fighting men.

By four A.M., in a mist from the water-meadows so dense that no man could see ten yards to his front, Von der Tann's Bavarians were moving forward to the awful tragedy of Bazeilles, amid the roar of the cannon covering the advance. About seven the German king and his suite reached the bare flat top of the hill of Marfee, commanding a wide view of the theatre of operations. Down in the Meuse valley, whence by this time the mist had cleared away, the Bavarian batteries were in steady measured action. Away to the right rose the thick column of smoke that told where Bazeilles was burning. Farther away in the same direction the billows of white smoke told where the army of the Crown Prince of Saxony was fighting hard ; and on the left front quivered gleams of steel that marked the advance of the Fifth and Eleventh Corps on that long turning movement prescribed to them.

It was a remarkable assemblage that had gathered on the Marfee summit to watch, as a surgeon might watch a patient in extremity, the death-throes of the army of Chalons. Out to the front of the great group stood the old king, calm and observant, his intensity of interest betrayed only by the constant handling of the heavy white mustache. Behind the great telescope, mounted on its tripod, stood Moltke, now gazing through the tube, now studying the maps spread out at his feet. Bismarck sat apart. In the rear of the monarch were his kinsmen of the German Confederation, generals, staff officers, and military representatives of foreign powers, among whom was conspicuous the late General Sheridan, the military commissioner from the United States.

The slow hours passed while, with bitter fighting, the environment of the French gradually progressed. Every step towards that consummation was resisted with fierce and reckless opposition. Gallifet's chasseurs surged down on the Prussian batteries deploying before St. Menges, only to recoil before the torrent of shrapnel that struck his squadrons fair in the face. Margueritte rode to his death in front of his gallant horsemen, in the vain effort to drive back the Prussian infantry ascending the plateau of Illy. When that final charge failed, the German ring closed as with a snap ; and Sheridan, as he shut his binocular, broke the strained silence with the exclamation : "It is all over with the French now !" At the words Moltke left his telescope, stalked aside to where Sheridan sat, and silently shook hands with the American soldier who had felt the pulses of many battles.

The hero of Cedar Creek was right ; but the valiant and obstinate Frenchmen rebelled vehemently against the accuracy of his conclusion. They would fight it out to the bitter end. It was a lurid, an awful, yet a magnificent spectacle—the cruel ring of German fire ever gathering in more closely around that upland whereon stood the French army as if in the shambles ;



OFFICE OF THE GENERAL STAFF, BERLIN. MOLTKE'S RESIDENCE THE LAST TWENTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE.

the storm of shell fire that tore lanes through the dense masses; the impotent yet vehement revolts against the inevitable in the shape, now of a wild, headlong charge of cuirassiers, now of the frantic gallop to their fate of a regiment of light horsemen on their gray Arab stallions, now of a furious sortie of infantrymen darting against a chance gap in the ring of environment, quelled too surely by the ruthless flanking fire. The broken French troops gradually huddled in about the hoary walls of Sedan. The defeat was utter, but as yet there was no token of surrender.

The final death-pang of the French army had, therefore, to be artistically quickened up. In war time Moltke was a very stern man. He represented to the king that an intensification of all the available artillery fire on Sedan would at once be the most telling argument with the enemy for surrender, and tend towards the exemption of the German army from further sacrifices, and his Majesty gave the order accordingly. The town and its environs were overwhelmed by avalanches of shells. Flames broke out, and the argument of fire supported the argument of blood and iron. The French return-fire, gallantly maintained for a time, was gradually crushed into silence. The white flag at length went up on the citadel, and a staff officer was sent into the place, under a flag of truce, formally to summon the French commander-in-chief to surrender his army and the fortress. Wimpffen, who had been in command since MacMahon was wounded in the morning, was still fighting at Balan, and Bronsart was ushered into the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. Count Reillé followed Bronsart out of Sedan, bearing the emperor's letter tendering his sword. Moltke was named by the king to treat with the French commander-in-chief for the capitulation of the French army. At the midnight conference in Donchéry, Moltke demanded and adhered to the demand that the surrender should be unconditional; and when Wimpffen would not consent to such terms, the Prussian general sternly replied that if they were not accepted by nine A.M. of the 2d, he would immediately renew hostilities. Ultimately the capitulation was signed in the dining-room of the Château Bellevue before noon of that day.

Moltke was not a man to spare bloodshed in the accomplishment of specific ends. In the first month of the war the German losses in killed and wounded were close on eighty thousand. The French losses in action were almost as great; and while one army, nearly two hundred thousand strong, lay blockaded in Metz, the whole army of Chalons, numbering one hundred and four thousand unwounded men, was in prisoner-bivouacs on the peninsula of Iges. The sacrifices were justified by the results. After Sedan there remained to France but a single army corps of regular troops.

The private life of the iron soldier was worthy and beautiful in all its relations. Moltke was a man of singularly varied accomplishments, and his tastes were at once simple and refined. He had no children, but his family affection was full of warmth. I have seen the water in his eyes as I gave him the message of love and duty entrusted to me by one of his nephews, who lay in danger of life from a wound received in a forepost skirmish. All Germany idolized the quiet, silent, self-contained man to whom the fatherland owed so much. Full of years and honors, he had the euthanasia for which he had prayed when his time should come.

THE HEART OF THE PRINCESS OSRA.

THE HAPPINESS OF STEPHEN THE SMITH.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

I.

STEPHEN! Stephen! Stephen!"

The impatient cry was heard all through the narrow, gloomy street, where the old, richly-carved house-fronts bowed to meet one another, and left for the eye's comfort only a bare glimpse of blue. It was, men said, the oldest street in Strelsau, even as the sign of the Silver Ship was the oldest sign known to exist in the city. For when Aaron Lazarus the Jew came there seventy years before, he had been the tenth man in unbroken line that took up the business. And now Stephen Nados, his apprentice and successor, was the eleventh. Old Lazarus had made a great business of it, and had spent his savings in buying up the better part of the street; but since Jews might then hold no property in Strelsau, he had taken all the deeds in the name of Stephen Nados, and when he came to die, being unable to carry his houses or his money with him, having no kindred, and caring not a straw for any man or woman alive, save Stephen, he bade Stephen let the deeds be, and, with a last curse against the Christians (of whom Stephen was one, and a devout one), he kissed the young man, and turned his face to the wall and died. Therefore, Stephen was a rich man, and had no need to carry on the business—though it never entered his mind to do anything else—and half the people who raised their heads at the sound of the cry were Stephen's tenants and paid him rent when he asked for it, a thing he did when he chanced to remember, and could tear himself away from chasing a goblet or fashioning a little silver saint, for Stephen loved his craft more than his rents; therefore, again, he was well liked in the quarter.

"STEPHEN, STEPHEN!" CRIED PRINCE HENRY, IMPATIENTLY HAMMERING ON THE CLOSED DOOR WITH HIS WHIP.

"Stephen, Stephen!" cried Prince Henry, impatiently hammering on the closed door with his whip. "Plague take the man! is he dead?"

The men in the quarter went on with their work; the women moved idly to the doors; the girls came out into the street, and clustered here and there, looking at the prince. For although he was not so handsome as that scamp Rudolf, his brother (who had just come back from his travels with half a dozen wild stories spurring after him), yet Henry was a comely youth, as he sat on his chestnut mare, with his blue eyes full

Announcement.—"The Happiness of Stephen the Smith" is the first of a series of six short stories, each complete in itself, by Anthony Hope, the heroine of which is the Princess Osra (the "Princess of Zenda"). In these stories Anthony Hope returns to the scenes of his great triumph, "The Prisoner of Zenda." The editors promise that readers of that famous book will not be disappointed in this series. The next story will appear in the September number, and is entitled "The Courtesy of Christian the Highwayman." The six numbers (August, 1895–January, 1896) containing these six stories will be mailed to any address for fifty cents.

of impatience and his chestnut curls fringing his shoulders. So the girls clustered and looked; moreover, Stephen the smith must come soon, and the sight of him was worth a moment's waiting, for he buried himself all day in his workshop, and no laughing challenge could lure him out.

"Though in truth," said one of the girls, tossing her head, "it's thankless work to spend a glance on either, for they do not return it. Now, when Rudolf comes"—she broke off with a laugh, and her comrades joined in it. Rudolf left no debts of that sort unpaid, however deep he might be in the books of Stephen Nados and others who furnished his daily needs.

Presently Stephen came, unbolting his door with much deliberation, and greeting Prince Henry with a restrained courtesy. He was not very well pleased to see his guest, for it was a ticklish moment with the nose of St. Peter, and Stephen would have liked to finish the job uninterrupted. Still, the prince was a prince, a gentleman, and a friend, and Stephen would not be uncivil to him.

"You ride early to-day, sir," he observed, patting the chestnut mare.

"I have a good reason," answered Henry. "The Lion rages to-day."

Stephen put up his hand to shelter his eyes from a ray of sunshine that had evaded the nodding walls and crept in; it lit up his flaxen hair, which he wore long and in thick waves, and played in his yellow beard; and he looked very grave. For when the Lion raged, strange and alarming things might happen in the city of Strelsau. The stories of his last fit of passion were hardly yet old.

"What has vexed the king?" he asked, for he knew that Prince Henry spoke of his father Henry surnamed the Lion, now an old man, yet as fierce as when he had been young. "Is it your brother again?"

"For a marvel, no. It is myself, Stephen. And he is more furious with me than he has ever been with Rudolf—ay, even more than he was at all the stories that followed my brother home."

"And what is the cause of it all, sir, and how is it in my power to help?"

"That you will find out very soon," said the prince, with a bitter laugh. "You will be sent for to the palace in an hour, Stephen."

"If it is about the king's ring, the ring is not finished," said Stephen.

"It is not about the ring. Yet, indeed, it is, in a way, about a ring. For you are to be married, Stephen. This very day you are to be married."

"I think not, sir," said Stephen mildly. "For it is a thing that a man himself hears about, if it be true."

"But the king thinks so, Stephen. Have you remarked among my sister Osra's ladies a certain dark lady with black hair, and eyes—I cannot describe her eyes?"

"But you can tell me her name, sir," suggested Stephen, who was a practical man.

"Her name? Oh, her name is Hilda. Hilda von Lauengram."

"Ay, I know the Countess Hilda. I have made a bracelet for her."

"She is the most beautiful creature alive!" cried Prince Henry in a sudden rapture, and so loudly (being carried away by his passion) that the girls heard him, and wondered of whom he spoke with so great an enthusiasm.

"To those to whom she seems such," observed Stephen. "But, pray, how am I concerned in all this, sir?"

The prince's smile grew more bitter as he answered: "Why, you are to marry her. It was an idle suggestion of Osra's, made in jest; my father is pleased to approve of it in earnest." Then he bent in his saddle, and went on in a hurried, urgent whisper, "I love her better than my life, Stephen; better than heaven; and my faith and word are pledged to her, and last night I was to have fled with her—for I knew better than to face the old Lion—but Osra found her making preparations, and we were discovered. Then Osra was scornful, and the king mad, and Rudolf laughed; and, when they talked of what was to be done to her, Osra came in with her laughing suggestion. It caught the king's angry fancy, and he swore that it should be so; and, since the archbishop is away, he has bidden the Bishop of Modenstein be at the palace at twelve to-day, and you will be brought there also, and you will be married to her. And, by heavens, I'll have your blood if you are!" And with this sudden outbreak of fury the prince ended. Yet a moment later he put out his hand to the smith, saying, "It's not your fault, man."

"That is true enough," said the smith, "for I have no desire to marry her. And it is not fitting that a lady of her birth should mate with a smith; for she is of a great house, and she would hate and despise me."

Prince Henry was about to assent, when his eye chanced to fall on Stephen the

HE FOLLOWED THEM AS HE WAS, IN HIS APRON.

smith. Now, the smith was a very handsome man, handsomer, many said, than Prince Rudolf himself, whom no lady could look at without admiration; he stood six feet and two inches in his flat working shoes, he was very broad, and could leap higher and hurl a stone farther than any man in Strelsau. Moreover, he looked kind and gentle, yet was known to grow angry at times, and then to be very dangerous. Therefore, Prince Henry, knowing (or thinking that he knew) the caprices of women, and how they are caught by this and that, was suddenly seized with a terrible fear that the Countess Hilda might not despise Stephen the smith. Yet he did not express his fear, but said that it was an impossible thing that a lady of the countess's birth (for the House of Lauengram was very noble) should wed a silversmith, even though he were as fine a fellow as his good friend Stephen; to which gracious speech Stephen made no reply, but stood very thoughtful, with his hand on the neck of the chestnut mare. But at last he said:

"In any case it cannot be, for I am bound already."

"A wife? Have you a wife?" cried the prince eagerly.

"No; but my heart is bound," said Stephen the smith.

"The king will make little of that. Yet, who is she? Is she any of these girls who stand looking at us?"

"No, she is none of these," answered Stephen, smiling as though such an idea were very ludicrous.

"And are you pledged to her?"

"I to her, but not she to me."

"But does she love you?"

"I think it most unlikely," said Stephen the smith.

"The Lion will care nothing for this," groaned the prince despondently. "They will send for you in half an hour. For heaven's sake, spare her, Stephen!"

"Spare her, sir?"

"Do not consent to marry her, however urgently the king may command you."

The smith shook his head, smiling still. Prince Henry rode sorrowfully away, spending not a glance on the bevy of girls who watched him go; and Stephen, turning into his house, shut the door, and, with one great sigh, set to work again on the nose of St. Peter.

"For, anyhow," said he, "a man can work." And after a long pause he added, "I never thought to tell any one; but if I must, I must."

Now, sure enough, when the clock on the cathedral wanted a quarter of an hour of noon, two of the king's guard came and bade Stephen follow them with all haste to the palace; and, since they were very urgent and no time was to be lost, he followed them as he was, in his apron, without washing his hands or getting rid of the dust that hung about him from his work. However, he had finished St. Peter's nose and all had gone well with it, so that he went in a contented frame of mind, determined to tell the whole truth to King Henry the Lion sooner than be forced into a mar-

riage with the Countess Hilda von Lauengram.

The Lion sat in his great chair. He was a very thin old man, with a face haggard and deeply lined; his eyes, set far back in his head, glowed and glowered, and his fingers pulled his sparse white beard. On his right, Prince Rudolf lolled on a low seat, smiling at the play; on his left sat that wonderfully fair lady, the Princess Osra, then in the first bloom of her young beauty, and she was smiling scornfully. Prince Henry stood before his father, and some yards from him was the Countess Hilda, trembling and tearful, supported by one of her companions; and, finally, since the archbishop was gone to Rome to get himself a scarlet hat, the Bishop of Modenstein, a young man of noble family, was there, most richly arrayed in choicest lace and handsomest vestments, ready to perform the ceremony. Prince Rudolf had beckoned the bishop near him, and was jesting with him in an undertone. The bishop laughed as a man laughs who knows that he should not laugh, but cannot well help himself; for Rudolf owned a pretty wit, although it was sadly unrestrained.

The king's fury had had a night and a morning to grow cool in, and it had now settled into a cold, ironical mood, that argued no less resolution than his first fierce wrath. There was a grim smile on his face as he addressed the smith, who, having bowed to the company, was standing between the countess and Prince Henry.

"The House of Elphberg," said the king, with mocking graciousness, "well recognizes your worth, Stephen, my friend. We are indebted to you——"

"It's a thousand crowns or more from Prince Rudolf alone, sir," interrupted Stephen, with a bow to the prince he named.

"For much faithful service," pursued the king, while Rudolf laughed again. "I have therefore determined to reward you with the hand of a lady who is, it may be, above your station, but in no way above your worth. Behold her! Is she not handsome? On my word, I envy you, smith. She is beautiful, young, high-born. You are lucky, smith. Nay, no thanks. It is but what you deserve—and no more than she deserves. Take her and be happy," and he ended with a snarling laugh as he waved his lean, veined hand towards the unhappy countess, and fixed his sneering eyes on the face of his son Henry, who had turned pale as death, but neither spoke nor moved.

The Bishop of Modenstein—he was of the House of Hentzau, many of which have been famous in history—lifted up his hands in horror at Rudolf's last whispered jest, and then, advancing, with a bow to the king, asked if he were now to perform his sacred duties.

"Ay, get on with it," growled the Lion, not heeding the countess's sobs or the entreaty in his son's face. And the Princess Osra sat unmoved, the scornful smile still on her lips; it seemed as though she had no pity for a brother who could stoop, or for a girl who had dared to soar too high.

"Wait, wait," said Stephen the smith. "Does this lady love me, sire?"

"Ay, she loves you enough for the purpose, smith," grinned the king. "Do not be uneasy."

"May I ask her if she loves me, sire?"

"Why, no, smith. Your king's word must be enough for you."

"And your Majesty says that she loves me?"

"I do say so, smith."

"Then," said Stephen, "I am very sorry for her; for, as there's a heaven above us, sire, I do not love her."

Prince Rudolf laughed; Osra's smile broadened in greater scorn; the countess hid her face in her companion's bosom; the old king roared out a gruff burst. "Good, good!" he chuckled. "But it will come with marriage, smith; for with marriage love either comes or goes—eh, son Rudolf?—and since in this case it cannot go, you must not doubt, friend Stephen, that it will come." And he threw himself back in his chair, greatly amused that a smith, when offered the hand of a countess, should hesitate to take it. He had not thought of so fine a humiliation as this for the presumptuous girl.

"That might well be, sire," admitted Stephen, "were it not that I most passionately love another."

"Our affections," said the king, "are unruly things, smith, and must be kept in repression; is it not so, son Rudolf?"

"It should be so, sire," answered the merry prince.

But the Princess Osra, whose eyes had been scanning Stephen's figure, here broke suddenly into the conversation.

"And are you pledged to her whom you love so passionately?" she asked.

"I have not ventured to tell her of my love, madam," answered he, bowing low.

"Then there is no harm done," observed Prince Rudolf. "The harm lies in the telling, not in the loving."

"Tell us something about her," com-

"TAKE HER AND BE HAPPY."

manded the princess; and the king, who loved sport most when it hurt others, chimed in, "Ay, let's hear about her whom you prefer to this lady. In what shop does she work, smith? Or does she sell flowers? Or is she a serving-girl? Come, listen, countess, and hear about your rival."

Prince Henry took one step forward in uncontrolled anger; but he could not meet the savage mirth in the old man's eyes, and, sinking into a chair, spread his hand across his face. But Stephen, regarding the king with placid good humor, began to speak of her whom he loved so passionately. And his voice was soft as he spoke.

"She works in no shop, sire," said he, "nor does she sell flowers, nor is she a serving-girl; though I would not care if she were. But one day, when the clouds hung dark over our street, she came riding down it, and another girl with her. The two stopped before my door; and, seeing them, I came out——"

"It is more than you do for me," remarked Prince Rudolf.

Stephen smiled, but continued his story. "I came out, and she whom I love gave me a bracelet to mend. And I, looking at her rather than at the bracelet, said, 'But already it is perfect.' But she did not hear; for, when she had given me the bracelet, she rode on again and took no more notice of me than of the flies that were crawling up my wall. And that was the first, and is the last, time that I have spoken to her until this day. But she was so beautiful that there and then I swore that until I had found means and courage to tell her my love, and until she had thrice refused it, I would marry no other maiden nor speak a word of love."

"It seems to me," said Prince Rudolf, "that the oath has some prudence in it; for if she proves obdurate, friend Stephen, you will then be able to go elsewhere. Many lovers swear more intemperately."

"But they do not keep their oaths," said Stephen, with a shrewd look at the prince.

"You had best let him alone, my son," said the old king. "He knows what the country knows of its future king."

"Then he may go and hang with all the country," said the prince peevishly.

But the Princess Osra leant a little forward toward Stephen, and the Countess Hilda also looked covertly out from the folds of her friend's dress at Stephen. And the princess said:

"Was she, then, so beautiful, this girl?"

"As the sun in heaven, madam," said the smith.

"As beautiful as my pretty sister?" asked Rudolf in careless joke.

"Yes, as beautiful, sir," answered Stephen.

"Then," said the cruel old king, "very much more beautiful than this countess."

"Of that you must ask your son Henry, sire," said Stephen discreetly.

"Nevertheless," said the king, "you must put up with the countess. We cannot all have what we want in this world, can we, son Henry?" And he chuckled again most maliciously.

"Not, sire, till my lady has thrice refused me," the smith reminded the king.

"Then she must be quick about it. For we all, and my lord bishop here, are waiting. Send for her, Stephen. By heaven, I have a curiosity to see her!"

"And, by heaven, so have I!" added Prince Rudolf, with a merry smile. "And poor Henry here may be cured by the sight."

And the Princess Osra leant a little farther forward and said gently:

"Tell us her name, and we will send for her. Indeed, I also would like to see her."

"But if she refuses, I shall be worse off than I am now. And if she says yes, still I must marry the countess," objected the smith.

"Nay," said the king; "if she does not refuse you three times, you shall not marry the countess, but shall be free to try your fortune with the girl." For the smith had put the old Lion in better temper, and he thought he was to witness more sport.

"Since your Majesty is so good, I must tell her name," said Stephen; "though I had rather have declared my love to herself alone."

"It is the pleasantest way," said Prince Rudolf; "but the thing can be done in the presence of others also."

"You must tell us her name that we may send for her," said the princess, her eyes wandering from the countess to the smith, and back to the countess again.

"Well, then," said Stephen sturdily, "the lady who came riding down the street and took away my heart with her was called Osra, and her father is named Henry."

A moment or two passed before they understood what the smith had said. Then the old king fell into a fit of laughter, half choked by coughing. Prince Rudolf clapped his hands in merry mockery, and a deep flush spread over the face of the princess; while the countess, her companion, and the younger prince seemed too astonished to do anything but stare. As for

Stephen, having said what he had to say, he held his peace—a thing which many men, and women also, would do well to imitate; and, if they cannot, let them pray for the grace that is needful. Heaven is omnipotent.

The old king, having recovered from his fit of laughing, looked round on the smith with infinite amusement, and, turning to his daughter, he said, "Come, Osra, you have heard the declaration. It remains only for you to satisfy our good friend's conscience by refusing him three times; for then he will be free to do our pleasure and make the Countess Hilda happy."

The heart of woman is, as it would seem, a strange thing; for the Princess Osra, hearing what the smith had said, and learning that he had fallen passionately in love with her on the mere sight of her beauty, suddenly felt a tenderness for him, and a greater admiration than she had entertained before; and although she harbored no absurd idea of listening to his madness, or of doing anything in the world but laugh at it as it deserved, yet she suddenly experienced a curious dislike of the project that she had herself, in sport, suggested; namely, that the smith should be married immediately to the Countess Hilda by the Lord Bishop of Modenstein. The fellow, this smith, had an eye for true beauty, it seemed. It would be hard to tie him down to this dusky, black-maned girl; for so the princess described the lady whom her brother loved, she herself being like most of the Elphbergs, rather red than black in color. Accordingly, when the king spoke to her, she said fretfully:

"Am I to be put to refuse the hand of such a fellow as this? Why, to refuse him is a stain on my dignity!" And she looked most haughty.

"Yet you must grant him so much, because of his oath," said the king.

"Well, then, I refuse him," said she tartly, and she turned her eyes away from him.

"That is once," said Stephen the smith calmly, and he fixed his eyes on the princess's face. She felt his gaze, her eyes were drawn back to his, and she exclaimed angrily:

"Yes, I refuse him!" and again she looked away. But he looked still more intently at her, waiting for the third refusal.

"It is as easy to say no three times as twice," said the king.

"For a man, sire," murmured Prince Rudolf, for he was very learned in the perilous knowledge of a woman's whims, and maybe read something of what was passing in his sister's heart. Certainly he looked at her and laughed, and said to the king:

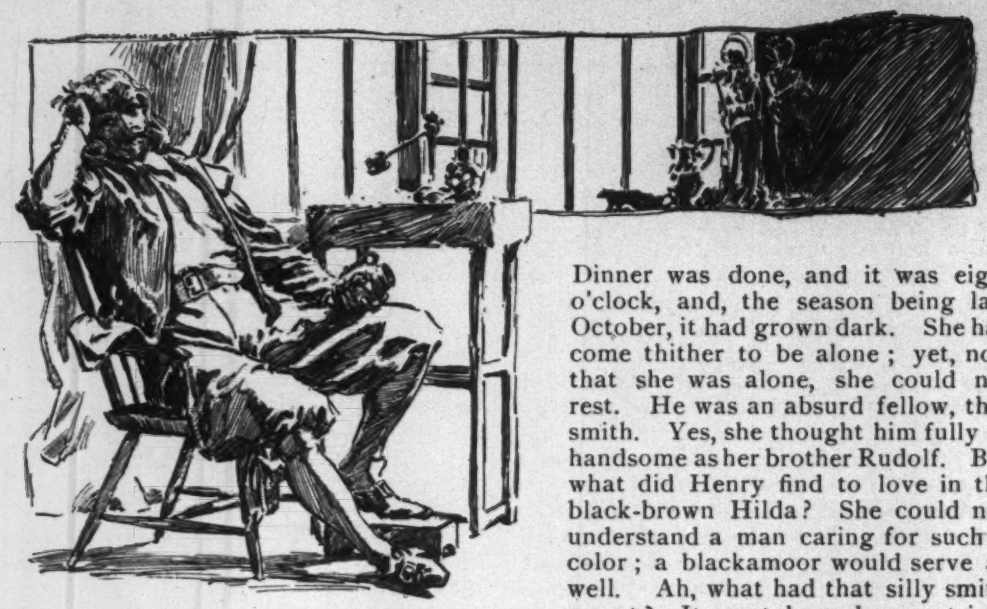
"Sire, I think this smith is a clever man. For what he really desires is to wed the countess and to do it without disobliging my brother. Therefore he professes this ridiculous passion, knowing well that Osra will refuse him and that he will enjoy the great good fortune of marrying the countess against his will. Thus he will obey you and be free from my brother's anger. In truth, you're a crafty fellow, Master Stephen!"

"There is no craft, sir," said Stephen. "I have told nothing but the truth."

But the king swore a loud oath, crying, "Ay, that there is! Rudolf has hit the mark. Yet I do not grudge him his good luck. Refuse him, Osra, and make him happy."

But the dark flush came again on the princess's face, for now she did not know whether the smith really loved her or whether he had been making a jest of her, in order to save himself in the eyes of her brother Henry; and it became very intolerable to her to suppose that the smith desired the countess, and had lied in what he said about herself, making a tool of her. Again, it was hardly more tolerable to give him to the countess in case he truly loved herself. So that her mind was very greatly disturbed, and she was devoured with eagerness to know the reality of the smith's feelings towards her. For although he was only a smith, yet he was a wonderfully handsome man; in truth, it was curious that she had not paid attention to his looks before. Thus she was reluctant to refuse him a third time, when the Bishop of Modenstein stood there, waiting only for her word to marry him to the countess. And she rose suddenly from her seat and walked towards the door of the room; and when she had almost reached the door, she turned her head over her shoulder, and cast one smile at Stephen the smith. As she glanced, the blush again mounted on her face, making her so lovely that even her father wondered; and she said in arch softness, "I'll refuse him the third time some other day; two denials are enough for one day;" and with that she passed through the door and vanished from their sight.

The king and Rudolf, who had seen the glance that she cast at Stephen, fell to laughing again, swearing to one another



STEPHEN, . . . SITTING DOWN TO THE CHASING OF A CUP, BECAME VERY THOUGHTFUL.

that a woman was a woman all the world over, whereat the lips of the bishop twitched.

"But the marriage can't go on," cried Rudolf at last.

"Let it rest for to-day," said the king, whose anger was passed. "Let it rest. The countess shall be guarded; and, since this young fool (and he pointed to his son Henry) will not wander while she is caged, let him go where he will. Then as soon as Osra has refused the smith a third time, we will send again for the bishop."

"And what am I to do, sire?" asked Stephen the smith.

"Why, my son-in-law that would be," chuckled the king, "you may go back to where you came from till I send for you again."

So Stephen, having thanked the king, went back home, and, sitting down to the chasing of a cup, became very thoughtful. For it seemed to him that the countess had been hardly treated, and that the prince deserved happiness, and that the princess was yet more lovely than she had seemed to him before. Thus in his work and his meditations the afternoon wore away fast. So goes time when hand and head are busy.

II.

The Princess Osra walked restlessly up and down the length of her bed-chamber. Dinner was done, and it was eight o'clock, and, the season being late October, it had grown dark. She had come thither to be alone; yet, now that she was alone, she could not rest. He was an absurd fellow, that smith. Yes, she thought him fully as handsome as her brother Rudolf. But what did Henry find to love in the black-brown Hilda? She could not understand a man caring for such a color; a blackamoor would serve as well. Ah, what had that silly smith meant? It must have been a trick, as Rudolf said. Yet, when he first spoke of her riding down the street, there was a look in his eyes that a man can hardly put there of his own will. Did the silly fellow then really—? Nay, that was absurd; she prayed that might not be true, for she would not have the poor fool unhappy. Nay, he was no fool. It was a trick, then! How dare the insolent knave use her for his tricks! Was there no other maiden in Strelsau whose name would have served? Must he lay his tongue to the name of a daughter of the Elphbergs? The fellow deserved flogging, if it were a trick. And was it a trick? Or was it the truth? Oh! in heaven's name, which was it? And the princess tore the delicate silk of her ivory fan to shreds, and flung the naked sticks with a clatter on the floor.

"I can't rest till I know!" she cried, as she came to a stand before a long mirror let into the panel of the wall, and saw herself at full length in it. As she looked, a smile came parting her lips, and she threw her head back as she said: "I will go and ask the smith what he meant." And she smiled again at her own face in triumphant daring; for when she looked she thought, "I know what he meant. Yet I will hear from himself what he meant."

Stephen the smith sat alone in his house; his apprentices were gone, and he himself neither worked nor supped, but sat still and idle by his hearth. The street was silent also, for it rained, and nobody was about. Then suddenly came a light, timid rap at the door; so light was it that the smith doubted if he had really heard, but it

came again, and he rose leisurely and opened the door. Even as he did so a slight, tall figure slipped by him, an arm pulled him back, the door was pushed close again, and he was alone inside the house with a lady wrapped in a long riding-cloak, and so veiled that nothing of her face could be seen.

"Welcome, madam," said Stephen the smith; and he drew a chair forward and bowed to his visitor. He was not wearing his apron now, but was dressed in a well-cut suit of brown cloth, and had put on a pair of silk stockings. He might have been expecting visitors, so carefully had he arrayed himself.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the veiled lady.

"Since I was a baby, madam," answered the smith, "I have known the sun when I saw it, even though clouds dimmed its face."

A corner of the veil was drawn down, and one eye gleamed in frightened mirth.

"Nobody knows I have come," said Osra. "And you do not know why I have come."

"Is it to answer me for the third time?" asked he, drawing a step nearer, yet observing great deference in his manner.

"It is not to answer at all, but to ask. But I am very silly to have come. What is it to me what you meant?"

"I cannot conceive that it could be anything, madam," said Stephen, smiling.

"Yet some think her beautiful — my brother Henry, for example."

"We must respect the opinions of princes," observed the smith.

"Must we share them?" she asked, drawing the veil yet a little more aside.

"We can share nothing —we humble folk—with princes or princesses, madam."

"Yet we can make free with their names, though humbler ones would serve as well."

"No other would have served at all, madam."

"Then you meant it?" she cried in sudden, half-serious eagerness.

"Nay, but what, madam?"

"I don't care whether you meant it or not."

"Alas! I know that so well that I marvel that you have come to tell it me."

The princess rose and began to walk up and down as she had done in her own chamber. Stephen stood regarding her as though God had made his eyes for that one purpose.

"The thing is nothing," she declared, petulantly, "but I have a fancy to ask it. Stephen, was it a trick, or—or was it really so? Come, answer me! I can't spend much time on it."

"It is not worth a thought to you. If you say no a third time, all will be well."

"You will marry the countess?"

"Can I disobey the king, madam?"

"I am very sorry for her," said the princess. "A lady of her rank should not be forced to marry a silversmith."

"Indeed, I thought so all along. Therefore——"

"You played the trick?" she cried, in unmistakable anger.

Stephen made no answer for a time; then he said softly:

HE WAS ALONE INSIDE THE HOUSE WITH A LADY WRAPPED IN A LONG RIDING-CLOAK.

"If she loves the prince, and he her, why should they not marry?"

"Because his birth is above hers."

"I am glad, then, that I am of no birth, for I can marry whom I will."

"Are you so happy and so free, Stephen?" sighed the princess; and there was no more of the veil left than served to frame the picture of her face.

"So soon as you have refused me the third time, madam," bowed the smith.

"Will you not answer me?" cried the princess; and she smiled no more, but was as eager as though she were asking some important question.

"Bring the countess here to-morrow at this time," said Stephen, "and I will answer."

"You wish, perhaps, to compare us?" she asked haughtily.

"I cannot be compelled to answer, except on my own terms," said the smith. "Yet if you will refuse me once again, the thing will be finished."

"I will refuse you," she cried, "when I please."

"And you will bring the countess, madam?"

"I am very sorry for her. I have behaved ill to her, Stephen, though I meant only to jest."

"There is room for amends, madam," said he.

The princess looked long and curiously in his face; but he met her glance with a quiet smile.

"It grows late," said he, "and you should not be longer here, madam. Shall I escort you to the palace?"

"And have every one asking with whom Stephen the smith walks? No, I will go as I came. You have not answered me, Stephen."

"And you have not refused me, madam."

"Will you answer me to-morrow, when I come with the countess?"

"Yes, I will answer then."

The princess had drawn near to the door, and now Stephen opened it for her to pass out; and as she crossed the threshold she said:

"And I will refuse you then—perhaps," with which she darted swiftly down the dark, silent, shining street and was gone; and Stephen, having closed the door, passed his hand twice over his brow, sighed thrice, smiled once, and set about the preparation of his supper.

Now, the next night, as the cathedral clock struck nine, there arose a sudden tumult and commotion in the palace. King Henry the Lion was in such a rage as no man had ever seen him in before; even Rudolf his son did not dare to laugh at him; courtiers, guards, attendants, lackeys, ran wildly to and fro in immense fear and trepidation. A little later, and a large company of the king's guard filed out, and, under the command of various officers, scattered themselves through the whole of Strelsau, while five mounted men rode at a gallop to each of the five gates of the city, bearing commands that the gates should be closed, and no man, woman, or child be allowed to pass out without an order under the hand of the king's marshal. And the king swore by heaven, and by much else, that he would lay them—that is to say, the persons whose disappearance caused all this hubbub—by the heels, and that they should know that there was life in the Lion yet. Whereat Prince Rudolf looked as serious as he could contrive to look—for he was wonderfully amused—and called for more wine. And the reason of the whole thing was no other than this, that the room of the Princess Osra was empty, and the room of the Countess Hilda was also empty, and nobody had set eyes on Henry, the king's son, for the last two hours or more. And these facts were, under the circumstances of the case, enough to upset a man of a temper far more equable than was old King Henry the Lion.

Through all the city went the guards, knocking at every door, disturbing some at their suppers, some from their beds, some in the midst of revelry, some who toiled late for a scanty livelihood. When the doors were not opened briskly, the guard without ceremony broke them in; they ransacked every crevice and cranny of every house, and displayed the utmost zeal imaginable; and one old lady they so terrified that she had a fit there where she lay in bed, and did not recover for the best part of a month. And thus having traversed nearly all the city, and set the whole place in tumult and commotion, they came at last to the street where Stephen lived, and to the sign of the Silver Ship, where he carried on the business bequeathed to him by Aaron Lazarus the Jew.

"Rat, tat, tat!" came thundering on the door from the sword-hilt of the sergeant in command of the party.

There was no answer; no light shone from the house, for the window was closely shuttered. Again the sergeant hammered on the door.

KING HENRY THE LION WAS IN SUCH A RAGE AS NO MAN HAD EVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.

"This pestilent smith is gone to bed," he cried in vexation. "But we must leave no house unsearched. Come, we must break in the door!" and he began to examine the door, and found that it was a fine, solid door, of good oak, and clamped with iron.

"Phew! we shall have a job with this door," he sighed. "Why, in the devil's name, doesn't the fellow answer? Stephen! Stephen! Ho there, Stephen!"

Yet no answer came from the inside of the house.

But at this moment another sound came smiting on the ear of the sergeant and his men. It was the sound of flames crackling. From the house next to Stephen's (which belonged to him, but was inhabited by a fruit-seller) there welled out smoke in volumes from every window, and the fruit-seller and his family appeared at the windows, calling for aid. Seeing this, the sergeant blew very loudly the whistle that he carried, and cried "Fire!" and bade his men run and procure a ladder; for plainly the fruit-seller's house was on fire, and it was a more urgent matter to rescue men and women from burning than to find the countess and the prince. Presently the ladder came, and a great crowd of people, roused by the whistle and the cries of fire, came also; and then the door of Stephen's house was opened, and Stephen himself, looking out, asked what was the matter. Being told that the next house was on fire, he looked very grave—for the house was his—and waited for a moment to watch the fruit-seller and his family being brought down the ladder, which task was safely and prosperously accomplished. But the sergeant said to him:

"The fire may well spread, and if there is anyone in your house, it would be prudent to get them out."

"That is well thought of," said Stephen approvingly. "I was working late with three apprentices, and they are still in the house." And he put his head in at his door, and called: "You had better come out, lads; the fire may spread." And the sergeant turned away again, and then busied himself in putting the fire out.

Then three lads—one being very tall—came out of Stephen's house, clad in their leather breeches, their aprons, and the close-fitting caps that apprentices wore, and for a moment they stood watching the fire at the fruit-seller's. Then seeing that the fire was burning down—which it did very quickly—they did not stay till the attention of the sergeant was released from it, but, accompanied by Stephen, turned down the street, and, going along at a brisk rate, turned the corner and came into the open space in front of the cathedral.

"The gates will be shut, I fear," said the tallest apprentice. "How came the fire, Stephen?"

"It was three or four trusses of hay, sir, and a few crowns to repair his scorched paint. Shall we go to the gate?"

"Yes, we must try the gate," said Prince Henry, gathering the hand of the countess into his; and the third apprentice walked

silently by Stephen's side. Yet once, as she went, she said softly:

"So it was no trick, Stephen?"

"No trick, but the truth, madam," said Stephen.

"I do not know," said Osra, "how I am to return to the palace in these clothes."

"Let us get your brother and the countess away first," counselled the smith.

Now, when they came to the nearest gate, it was shut; but at the moment a troop of mounted men rode up, having been sent by the king to scour the country round, in case the fugitives should have already escaped from the city; and the commandant of the company bore an order from the king's marshal for the opening of the gate. Seeing this, Stephen the smith went up to him and began to talk to him, the three apprentices standing close by. The commandant knew Stephen well, and was pleased to talk with him while the gates were opened and the troopers filed through. Stephen kept close by him till the troopers were all through. Then he turned and spoke to the apprentices and they nodded assent. The commandant checked his horse for an instant, when he was half-way through the gate, and bent down and took Stephen's hand to shake in farewell. And Stephen took his hand with marvellous friendliness, and held it, and would not let him go; and the apprentices edged cautiously nearer and nearer the gate.

"Enough, man, enough!" laughed the commandant. "We are not parting forever."

"I trust not, sir; I trust not," said Stephen earnestly, still holding his hand.

"Come, let me go. See, the gate-keeper wants to shut the gate."

"True," said Stephen. "Good-by, then, sir. Hallo, hallo! Stop! stop! Oh, the young rascals!"

For, even as Stephen spoke, two of the apprentices had darted through the half-closed gate and run swiftly forward into the gloom of the night. And Stephen swore an oath.

"The rogues!" he cried. "They were to have worked all night to finish an image of Our Lady. And now I shall see no more of them till to-morrow. They shall pay for their prank then, by heaven, they shall!" But the commandant laughed.

"ENOUGH, MAN, ENOUGH!" LAUGHED THE COMMANDANT. "WE ARE NOT PARTING FOREVER."

"I am sorry I can't catch them for you, friend Stephen," said he, "but I have other fish to fry. Well, boys will be boys. Don't be too hard on them when they return."

"They must answer for what they do," said Stephen; and the commandant rode on, and the gates were shut.

Then the Princess Osra said:

"Will they escape, Stephen?"

"They have money in their purses, love in their hearts, and an angry king behind them. I should travel quickly, madam, if I were so placed."

The princess looked through the grating of the gate.

"Yes," she said, "they have all those. How happy they must be, Stephen! But what am I to do?"

Stephen made no answer, and they walked back in silence to his house. It may be that they were wondering whether Prince Henry and the countess would escape. Yet it may be that they thought of something else. When they reached the house, Stephen bade the princess go into the inner room and resume her own dress, that she might return to the palace, and that it might not be known where she had been nor how she had aided her brother to evade the king's prohibition; and when she, still strangely silent, went in as he bade her, he took his great staff in his hand, and stood on the threshold of the house, his head nearly touching the lintel, and his shoulders filling almost all the space between door-post and door-post.

Now, when he had stood there a little while, the same sergeant of the guard, recollecting (now that the fire at the fruit-seller's was out) that he had never searched the house of the smith, came again with his four men, and told Stephen to stand aside and allow him to enter the house.

"For I must search it," he said, "or my orders will not be performed."

"Those whom you seek are not here," said Stephen.

"That I must see for myself," answered the sergeant. "Come, smith, stand aside."

When the princess heard the voices outside, she put her head round the door of the inner room, and cried in great alarm to Stephen:

"They must not come in, Stephen. At any cost, they must not come in!"

"Do not be afraid, madam; they will not come in," said he.

"I heard a voice in the house," cried the sergeant.

"It is nothing uncommon to hear in a house," said Stephen, and he grasped more firmly his great staff.

"Will you make way for us?" demanded the sergeant. "For the last time, will you make way?"

Stephen's eyes kindled; for though he was a man of peace, yet his strength was great, and he loved sometimes to use it; and, above all, he loved to use it now at the bidding and in the protection of his dear princess. So he answered the sergeant, from between set teeth:

"Over my dead body you can come in."

Then the sergeant drew his sword, and his men set their halberds in rest, and the sergeant crying, "In the king's name!" came at Stephen with drawn sword and struck fiercely at him. But Stephen let the great staff drop on the sergeant's shoulder, and the sergeant's arm fell powerless by his side. Thereupon the guards cried aloud, and people began to come out of their houses, seeing that there was a fight at Stephen's door. And Stephen's eyes gleamed; and when the guards thrust at him, he struck at them, and two of them he stretched senseless on the ground, for his height and reach were such that he struck them before they could come near enough to touch him; and, having no fire-arms, they could not bring him down. And the princess, now fully dressed in her own garments, came out into the outer room and stood there, looking at Stephen. Her bosom rose and fell, and her eyes grew dim as she looked; and growing very eager, and being very much moved, she kept murmuring to herself:

"I have not said no thrice, not thrice!"

And she spent no thought on the countess or her brother, nor on how she was to return undetected to the palace; but saw only the figure of Stephen on the threshold, and heard only the cries of the guards who assaulted him. And it seemed to her a brave thing to have such a man to fight for her, and to offer his life to hide her shame.

Now, old King Henry was not a patient man, and when he had waited two hours without news of son, daughter, or countess, he flew into a mighty passion, and sent one for his horse, and another for Rudolf's horse, and a third for Rudolf himself; and he drank a draught of wine, and called to Rudolf to accompany him, that they might see for themselves what the lazy hounds of guards were doing that they had not yet come up with the quarry. And Prince Rudolf laughed and yawned, and wished his brother at the devil, but mounted his horse and rode with the king. Thus they

traversed the city, riding swiftly, the old king furiously upbraiding every officer and soldier whom he met; and then they rode to the gate, and all the gate-keepers said that nobody had gone out, save that one gate-keeper admitted that two apprentices of Stephen the silversmith had contrived to slip out when the gates were open to let the troopers pass. But the king made nothing of it, and, turning with his son, rode up the street where Stephen lived. And here they came suddenly into the midst of a crowd that filled all the roadway, and would hardly let the horses move even at a foot's pace. The king cried out angrily, "What is this tumult?" Then the people knew him; and, since common folk are always anxious to serve and commend themselves to the great, a score began all at once to tell him what had happened, some starting with the fire, some going straight to the fight; and the king could not make head or tail of the babel of voices and the different stories. And Prince Rudolf dropped his reins and sat on his horse, laughing. But the king, his patience being clean gone, drew his sword and cried fiercely, "Make way!" and set spurs to his horse, not recking whether he hurt any man in life or limb. Thus he gained a passage through the crowd and came near to Stephen's house, Prince Rudolf following in his wake, still greatly amused at all that was happening.

But the sight they saw arrested even Prince Rudolf's smiles, and he raised himself in his stirrups with a sudden cry of wonder. For four more of the guard had come, and there were now six standing round the doorway, and three lay stretched on the ground; and Stephen the smith still stood on the threshold with his staff in his hand. Blood flowed from a wound in his head, but he twirled the staff to and fro, and was not weary, and none of the guard dared to rush in and close with him. Thus he had held the threshold for an hour; yet the Princess Osra could not escape unless he could drive off the guard for a few moments, and this he hoped to do, thinking that they might draw off and wait for reënforcements; but, in any case, he had sworn that they should not pass. And Osra did not pray him to let them pass, but stood motionless in the middle of the room behind him, her hands clasped, her face rigid, and her eyes all aflame with fascination at his strength and his courage. And thus matters stood when the old king and Prince Rudolf broke through the crowd that ringed the house round, and the king cried out, asking what was the meaning of all that he saw.

But when the king heard that Stephen the smith resisted the officers, would not suffer his house to be searched, had stretched three of the guards senseless on the ground, and still more than held his own, he fell into a great rage; and he roared out on them all, calling them onward, and, before his son or anyone else could stop him, he drew his sword and dug his spurs into his horse. The horse bounded forward and knocked down one of the guards who stood round Stephen. Then the king, neither challenging Stephen to yield, nor giving him time to stand aside, being carried away by passion, raised his sword and rode full at him. And the princess, from within, caught sight of his face, and she fell on her knees with a moan and hid her face. Then Stephen saw that it was the king, and none other, who rode against him; and even had the king given him time, it may be that he would not have yielded, for he was a very resolute man, and he had pledged his promise to Osra the princess. But he had no time for thought, for the king was on him in the space of a second, and he could do nothing but drop the staff that he held and stand defenceless in the doorway; for he would neither strike the king nor yield the passage. But the king, not heeding in his fury that Stephen had dropped his staff, drew back his arm and lunged with his sword, and thrust the smith through the chest, and Stephen reeled and fell on one knee, and his blood flowed out on the stone of the doorstep. Then the king reined in his horse and sat looking down on Stephen; but Rudolf leaped to the ground, and came and caught hold of Stephen, supporting him, and asking, "What does it mean, man? What does it mean?"

Then Stephen, being very faint with his wound, said with difficulty:

"Come in alone—you and the king alone."

Prince Rudolf looked at the king, who sheathed his sword and dismounted from his horse; and the prince supported Stephen inside the house, and the king followed them and shut the door on all the people outside.

Then King Henry the Lion saw his daughter crouching down in the middle of the room, her face hidden in her hands. Surprise and wonder banished his rage, and he could not do more than gasp her name, while the prince, who knelt supporting Stephen, cried to her, asking how she came

there; but she answered nothing. She took her hands from her face and looked at Stephen, and when she saw that he was hurt and bleeding, she fell to sobbing, and hid her face again. And she did not know whether she would have him live or die; for if he lived he could not be hers, and if he died her heart would ache sorely for him. Then Stephen, being supported by the arms of Prince Rudolf, made shift to speak, and he told the king how, at his persuasion, the princess had brought the countess thither; how he himself had contrived the presence of the prince at the same time; how, again, the princess had been prevailed upon to aid the lovers; how they assumed the disguise of apprentices; and how, hearing the arrival of the guard, they had escaped out into the street; and, lastly, how the prince and the countess had got out of the city. But he said nothing of the fire at the fruit-seller's, nor of how he himself had bribed the fruit-seller to set the hay on fire, speaking to him from the back windows of the house, and flinging a purse of gold pieces across to him; nor did this ever become known to the king. And when Stephen had said his say, he fell back very faint in the arms of the prince; and the prince tore a scarf from his waist, and tried to stanch the blood from Stephen's wound. But the old king, who was a hard man, smiled grimly.

"Indeed, he has tricked us finely, this smith, and he is a clever fellow," said he. "But, unless he would rather hang than bleed to death, let his wound be, Rudolf. For, by heaven, if you cure him, I will hang him!"

"Do not be afraid, sire," said Stephen, "the prince cannot cure me. You still strike straight, though you are hard on seventy."

"Straight enough for a rascal like you," said the king, well pleased. And he added, "Hold the fellow easily, Rudolf; I would not have him suffer." And this was, they say, the only time in all his life that Henry the Lion showed a sign of pity to any man.

But Stephen was now very faint, and he cast his eyes towards the princess, and Rudolf followed his eyes. Now, Rudolf had an affection for Stephen, and he loved his sister, and was a man of soft heart; and he cried gently to Osra, "Come, sister, and help me with him." And she rose, and came and sat down by the wall, and gathered Stephen's head into her lap; and there he lay, looking up at her with a smile on his lips. But still he bled, and his blood stained the white cloak that she wore over her robe, and her tears dropped on his face. But Rudolf took his father by the arm and led him a little way off, saying:

"What matter, sire? The girl is young, and the man is dying. Let them be."

And the old king, grumbling, let himself be led away; and perhaps even he was moved, for he forgot Prince Henry and the countess, and did not think of sending men in pursuit of them, for which reason they obtained a fair and long start in their flight.

Then Stephen, looking up at Osra, said:

"Do not weep, madam. They will escape now, and they will be happy."

"I was not weeping for them," said the princess.

Stephen was silent for a little while, and then he said:

"In very truth, it was no trick, madam; it was even as I said, from the first day that you rode along the street here; and it was always the same in my heart, and would always have been so, however long I had lived."

"I do not doubt it, Stephen; and it is not for doubt of it that I weep," said she.

Then, after a while he said:

"Do you weep, madam, because I am dying?"

"Yes, I weep for that."

"Would you have me live, madam?" he asked.

"No, I would not—No—But I do not know," she said.

Then Stephen the smith smiled, and his smile was happy.

"Yet," said he, "it would make small difference to the Princess Osra whether Stephen the smith lived or died."

At this, although he lay there a dying man, yet a sudden flush of red spread all over her cheeks, and she turned her eyes away from his, and would not meet his glance; and she made him no answer, and he said again:

"What can it concern the princess whether I live or die?"

Still the blush burnt on her cheek, and still she had no answer to give to Stephen as he lay dying with his head on her lap. And a bright gleam came into his eyes, and he tried to move a hand towards her hand; and she, seeing his effort, put out her hand and held his; and he whispered very low, for he could hardly speak:

"You have not yet refused me three times, madam."

At that her eyes came back to his, and their eyes dwelt long on one another. And

for a moment it seemed to them that all things became possible, life and joy and love. Yet since all could not be, they were content that none should be. And the princess bent low over his head, and she whispered to him:

"No, I have not refused you thrice, Stephen."

His lips just moved once again, and, being very near him, she heard:

"And you will not?" he said.

"No," said she, and she kissed his lips; and he smiled and turned on his side, and he nestled his head, as it were, cosily on her lap, and he said no more.

Thus died Stephen the silversmith of Strelsau, happy in his death because Osra the princess had not refused him thrice. And she laid him gently on the ground, and rose, and went across to where the king sat with Rudolf. And she said:

"Sire, he is dead."

"It is well," said the king. And he bade Rudolf go and cause all the people to leave the street and return to their houses. And when all the streets were cleared, the princess veiled herself, and her brother mounted her on his horse, and thus she rode back to the palace; and none knew that she had been in the house of Stephen the silversmith.

And after many months, Prince Henry, who had made good his escape and married the lady whom he loved, was reconciled to his father and returned to the city of Strelsau. And when he heard how Stephen had died, he raised a stately monument over him, and had carved on it his name and the day and the year on which he had died; and underneath he caused to be engraved the words, "From a Friend to a Friend." And when this monument had stood three days in its place, there came thither a lady closely veiled, and she prayed on her knees by the monument for a long while, and then rose and stood regarding it; and her eyes rested on the last words that Prince Henry had written on the stone. And she came near and kissed the words, and, when she had kissed them, she whispered softly, "From a Lover to a Lover," and, having whispered this, she turned away and went back to the palace, and came no more to the tomb, for fear that the people should remark her coming. Yet, often in the days that followed, she would open the window of her bed-chamber by night, and she would whisper to the silent, trusty darkness that holds secrets and comforts sore hearts:

"Not thrice, Stephen, not thrice!"

Therefore it may be that there had been a sweet madness in her heart, and that Stephen the silversmith had done a great thing—a thing that would appear impossible before he died. And, as Prince Rudolf said, what matter? For the girl was young, and the dream was sweet, and the man was dead; and in death, at last, are all men equal.

A YELLOW DOG.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

By Bret Harte,

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," etc.

I NEVER knew why in the Western States of America a yellow dog should be proverbially considered the acme of canine degradation and incompetency, nor why the possession of one should seriously affect the social standing of the possessor. But the fact being established, I think we accepted it in Rattlers Ridge without question. The matter of ownership was more difficult to settle; and although the dog I have in my mind at the present writing attached himself impartially and equally to every one in camp, no one ventured to exclusively claim him, while after the perpetration of any canine atrocity everybody repudiated him with indecent haste. "Well, I can swear he hasn't been near our shanty for weeks," or the retort, "He was last seen comin' out of *your* cabin," expressed the eagerness with which Rattlers Ridge washed its hands of any responsibility. Yet he was by no means a common dog, nor even an unhandsome dog, and it was a singular fact that his severest critics vied with each other in narrating stories of his sagacity, insight, and agility, which they themselves had witnessed. He had been seen crossing the "flume" that spanned Grizzly Cañon at a height of nine hundred feet on a plank six inches wide; he had tumbled down the "shoot" to the South Fork a thousand feet below, and was found sitting on the river bank "without a scratch, 'cept that he was lazily givin' himself with his off hind paw;" he had been forgotten in a snowdrift on a Sierran shelf, and had come home in the early spring with the conceited complacency of an Alpine traveller and a plumpness alleged to have been the result of an exclusive diet of buried mail-bags and their contents; he was generally believed to read the advance election posters and disappear a day or two before the candidates and the brass-band—which he hated—came to the Ridge; he was suspected of having overlooked Colonel Johnson's hand at poker, and of having conveyed to the colonel's adversary, by a succession of howls, the danger of betting against four kings. While these statements were supplied by wholly unsupported witnesses, it was a very human weakness of Rattlers Ridge that the responsibility of corroboration was passed over to the dog himself, and *he* was looked upon as a consummate liar! "Swoopin' round yere and *callin'* yourself a poker sharp, are ye? Scoot! you yaller pizin!" was a common adjuration whenever the unfortunate animal intruded upon a card party. "Ef thar was a spark—an *atom*—of truth in *that dog*, I'd believe my own eyes that I saw him sittin' up and tryin' to magnetize a young bird off a tree. But wot are ye goin' to do with a yaller equivocator like that?"

I have said that he was yellow—or, to use the ordinary expression, "yaller." Indeed, I am inclined to believe that much of the ignomy attached to the epithet lay in this favorite pronunciation. Men who habitually spoke of a "*yellow* bird," a "*yellow* hammer," a "*yellow* leaf," always alluded to him as a "*yaller* dog." He certainly *was* yellow. After a bath—usually compulsory—he presented a decided gamboge streak down his back, from the top of his forehead to the stump of his tail, fading in his sides and flanks to a delicate straw-color. His breast, legs, and feet, when not reddened by "slumgullin," in which he was fond of wading, were white. A few attempts at ornamental decoration from the india-ink pot of the storekeeper failed, partly through the yellow dog's excessive agility, which would never give the paint time to dry on him, and partly through his success in transferring his markings to the trousers and blankets of the camp. The size and shape of his tail, which had been cut off before his introduction to Rattlers Ridge, was a favorite source of speculation to the miners, both as determining his breed and his moral responsibility in coming into camp in that defective condition. There was a general opinion that he couldn't have looked worse with a tail, and its removal was a gratuitous effrontery. His best feature was his eyes, which were a lustrous Vandyke brown, and sparkling

with intelligence; but here again he suffered from evolution through environment, and their original trustful openness was marred by the experience of watching for flying stones, sods, and passing kicks from behind, so that the pupils were continually reverting to the outer angle of the eyelid. There was a recurrence of anticipation in this which, I fear, few of "the boys" ever disappointed. Nevertheless, none of these characteristics decided the vexed question of his *breed*. His speed and scent pointed to a "hound," and it is related that on one occasion he was laid on the trail of a wild-cat with such success that he followed it, apparently, out of the State, returning at the end of two weeks footsore, but blandly contented. Attaching himself to a prospecting party, he was sent, under the same belief, "into the brush," to drive off a bear who was supposed to be haunting the camp-fire. He returned in a few minutes with the bear, driving it into the unarmed circle and scattering the whole party. After this the theory of his being a hunting dog was abandoned. Yet it was said—on the usual uncorroborated evidence—that he had "put up" a quail, and his qualities as a retriever were for a long time accepted, until, during a shooting expedition for wild ducks, it was discovered that the one he had brought back had never been *shot*, and the party were obliged to compound damages with an adjacent settler. His fondness for paddling in the ditches and "slumgullin" at one time suggested a water spaniel; he *could* swim, and would occasionally bring out of the river sticks and pieces of bark that had been thrown in, but as *he* always had to be thrown in with them, and was a good-sized dog, his aquatic reputation faded also. He remained simply a "yaller dog." What more could be said? His actual name was "Bones," given to him, no doubt, through the provincial custom of confounding the occupation of the individual with his quality, for which, it was pointed out, precedent could be found in some old English family names.

But if Bones generally exhibited no preference for any particular individual in camp, he always made an exception in favor of drunkards. Even an ordinary roystering bacchanalian party brought him out from under a tree or a shed in the keenest satisfaction; he would accompany them through the long, straggling street of the settlement, barking his delight at every step or misstep of the revellers, and exhibiting none of that mistrust of eye which marked his attendance upon the sane and the respectable. He accepted even their uncouth play without a snarl or a yelp, hypocritically pretending to even like it, and I conscientiously believe would have allowed a tin can to be attached to his stump of a tail, if the hand that tied it on were only unsteady, and the voice that bade him "lie still" were husky with liquor. He would see the party cheerfully into a saloon, wait outside the door, his tongue fairly lolling from his mouth in enjoyment, until they reappeared, permit them even to tumble on him with pleasure, and then gambol away before them, heedless of awkwardly projected stones and epithets. He would afterwards accompany them separately home, or lie with them at cross-roads until they were assisted to their cabins. Then he would trot rakishly to his own haunt by the saloon store with the slightly conscious air of having been a bad dog, yet of having had a good time. We never could satisfy ourselves whether his enjoyment arose from some merely selfish conviction that he was more *secure* with the physically and mentally incompetent, from some active sympathy with active wickedness, or from a grim sense of his own mental superiority at such moments. But the general belief was in his kindred sympathy as a "yaller dog" with all that was disreputable. And this was supported by another very singular canine manifestation; namely, the sincere flattery of simulation or imitation.

"Uncle Billy" Riley for a short time enjoyed the position of being the camp drunkard, and at once became an object of Bones's greatest solicitude. He not only accompanied him everywhere; curled up at his feet or head according to Uncle Billy's attitude at the moment; but, it was noticed, began presently to undergo a singular alteration in his own habits and appearance. From being an active, tireless scout and forager, a bold and unovertakable marauder, he became lazy and apathetic, allowed gophers to burrow under him without threatening to undermine the settlement in his frantic endeavors to dig them out, permitted squirrels to flash their tails at him a hundred yards away, forgot his usual *caches*, and left his favorite bones unburied and bleaching in the sun. His eyes grew dull, his coat lustreless, in proportion as his companion became blear-eyed and ragged; in running, his usual arrow-like direction began to deviate, and it was not unusual to meet the pair together, zigzagging up the hill. Indeed, Uncle Billy's con-

dition could be predetermined by Bones's appearance at times when his temporary master was invisible. "The old man must have an awful jag on to-day," was casually remarked when an extra fluffiness and imbecility was noticeable in the passing Bones. At first it was believed that he drank, also, but when careful investigation proved this hypothesis untenable, he was freely called a "derned time-servin' yaller hypocrite." Not a few advanced the opinion that if Bones did not actually lead "Uncle Billy" astray, he at least "slavered him over and coddled him until the old man got conceited in his wickedness." This undoubtedly led to a compulsory divorce between them, and Uncle Billy was happily despatched to a neighboring town and a doctor. Bones appeared to miss him greatly, ran away for two days, and was supposed to have visited him, to have been shocked at his convalescence, and to have been "cut" by Uncle Billy in his reformed character, and he returned to his old active life again, and buried the past with his forgotten bones. It was said that he was once detected trying to lead an intoxicated tramp into camp after the methods employed by a blind man's dog, but was discovered in time by the—of course—uncorroborated narrator.

I should be tempted to leave him thus in his original and picturesque sin, but the same veracity which compelled me to transcribe his faults and iniquities, obliges me to describe his ultimate and somewhat monotonous reformation, which came from no fault of his own. It was a joyous day at Rattlers Ridge that was equally the advent of his change of heart and the first stage-coach that had been induced to diverge from the high road and stop regularly at our settlement. Flags were flying from the post-office and Polka Saloon, and Bones was flying before the brass band that he detested. The sweetest girl in the county—Pinkey Preston—daughter of the county judge, and hopelessly beloved by all Rattlers Ridge, stepped from the coach which she had glorified by occupying as an invited guest. "What makes him run away?" she asked quickly, opening her lovely eyes in a possible innocent wonder that anything could be found to run away from her. "He don't like the brass band," we explained eagerly. "How funny!" murmured the young girl. "Is it as out of tune as all that?" This irresistible witticism would have been quite enough for us—we did nothing but repeat it to each other all next day—but we were positively transported when we saw her gather her dainty skirts in one hand and trip off through the red dust towards Bones, who, with his eyes over his yellow shoulder, had halted in the road and half turned in mingled disgust and rage at the spectacle of the descending trombone. We held our breath. Would Bones evade her as he did us at such moments, or would he save our reputation and consent to accept her for the moment as a pretty inebriate? She came nearer; he saw her; he began to slowly quiver with excitement, his stump of a tail vibrating with such rapidity that the loss of the missing portion was scarcely noticeable. Suddenly she stopped before him, took his yellow head between her little hands, lifted it, and looked down into his handsome brown eyes with her two lovely blue ones. What passed between them in that magnetic glance no one ever knew. She returned with him, said to him casually, "We're not afraid of brass bands, are we?" to which he apparently acquiesced, at least stifling his disgust of them while he was near her, which was nearly all the time. During the speeches—we did nothing without speeches at Rattlers—her gloved hand and his yellow head were always seen together, and at the crowning ceremony—her public checking of Greeba Bill's "waybill," on behalf of the township, with a gold pencil, presented to her by the stage company—Bones's joy, far from knowing no bounds, apparently knew nothing but them, and he witnessed it apparently in the air. No one dared to interfere; for the first time a local pride in Bones sprang up in our hearts, and we lied to each other about him openly and shamelessly. Then the time came for parting. We were standing by the coach door, hats in hand, as Miss Pinkey was about to step into it. Bones was standing by her side, confidently looking into the interior, and had apparently selected his own seat on the lap of Judge Preston, in the corner, when Miss Pinkey held up the sweetest of admonitory fingers. Then, taking his head between her two hands again, she looked into his piercing eyes and said simply, "*Good* dog," with the gentlest emphasis on the adjective, and popped into the coach. The six bay horses started as one, the gorgeous green and gold vehicle bounded forward, the red dust rose behind, and the yellow dog danced in and out of it to the very outskirts of the settlement, and then he soberly returned.

A day or two later he was missed; but the fact was afterwards known that he was

at Spring Valley, the county town where Miss Preston lived, and he was forgiven. A week afterwards he was missed again, but for a longer period, and then a pathetic letter arrived from Sacramento for the storekeeper's wife: "Would you mind," wrote Miss Pinkey Preston, "asking some of your boys to come over here to Sacramento and bring back Bones? I don't mind having the dear dog walk out with me at Spring Valley, where every one knows me, but here he *does* make one so noticeable, on account of *his color*. I've got scarcely a frock that he agrees with. He don't go with my pink muslin and that lovely buff print; he makes them shades lighter. You know yellow is *so* trying." A consultation was quickly held by the whole settlement, and a deputation sent to Sacramento to relieve the dear girl. We were all quite indignant with Bones, but, oddly enough, I think it was greatly tempered with our new pride in him. While he was with us alone, his peculiarities had been scarcely appreciated; but the recurrent phrase, "that yaller dog that they keep at Rattlers," gave us a mysterious importance along the countryside, as if we had secured a zoölogical curiosity at great expense.

This was further indicated by a thrilling occurrence. A new church had been built at the cross-roads, and an eminent divine had come from San Francisco to preach the opening sermon. After a careful examination of the camp's wardrobe, and some felicitous exchange of apparel, a few of us were deputed to represent Rattlers at the Sunday service. In our white ducks, straw hats, and flannel blouses, we were sufficiently picturesque and distinctive as "honest miners" to be shown off in one of the front pews. Seated near the prettiest girls, who offered us their hymn-books, in the cleanly odors of fresh pine shavings and ironed muslin, and blown over by the spires of our own woods through the open windows, a deep sense of the abiding peace of Christian communion settled upon us. At this supreme moment some one murmured in an awe-stricken whisper, "*Will* you look at Bones?"

We looked. Bones had entered the church and gone up in the gallery, through a pardonable ignorance and modesty; but, perceiving his mistake, was now calmly walking along the gallery rail before the astounded worshippers. Reaching the end, he paused for a moment and carelessly looked down. It was about fifteen feet to the floor below—the simplest jump in the world for the mountain-bred Bones. Daintily, gingerly, lazily, and yet with a conceited airiness of manner, as if, humanly speaking, he had one leg in his pocket and were doing it on three, he cleared the distance, dropped just before the chancel without a sound, turned himself around three times, and lay comfortably down.

Three deacons were instantly in the aisle, coming up before the eminent divine, who, we fancied, wore a restrained smile. We heard the hurried whispers: "Belongs to them," "Quite a local institution here, you know!" "Don't like to offend sensibilities," and the minister's prompt "By no means," as he went on with his service. A short month ago we would have repudiated Bones; to-day we sat there in slightly supercilious attitudes, as if to indicate that any affront offered to Bones would be an insult to ourselves and followed by an instantaneous withdrawal in a body.

All went well until the minister, lifting the large Bible from the communion table, and holding it in both hands before him, walked towards a reading-stand by the altar-rail. Bones uttered a distinct growl. The minister stopped.

We, and we alone, comprehended in a flash the whole situation. The Bible was nearly the size and shape of one of those soft clods of sod which we were in the playful habit of painfully launching at Bones when he lay asleep in the sun, in order to see him cleverly evade it. We held our breath. But the opportunity belonged to our leader, Jeff Briggs, a confoundedly good-looking fellow, with the golden moustache of a Northern viking and the curls of an Apollo. Secure in his beauty, and bland in his self-conceit, he rose from the pew and stepped before the chancel.

"I would wait a moment if I were you, sir," he said respectfully, "and you will see that he will go out quietly."

"What is wrong?" whispered the minister, in some concern.

"He thinks you are going to heave that book at him, sir, without giving him a fair show, as we do."

The minister looked perplexed, but remained motionless, with the book in his hands. Bones arose, walked half way down the aisle, and vanished like a yellow flash.

With this justification of his reputation, Bones disappeared for a week. At the end of that time we received a polite note from Judge Preston, saying that the dog had become quite domiciled in their house, and begging that the camp, without yielding up their valuable property in him, would

permit him to remain at Spring Valley for an indefinite time; that both the judge and his daughter, with whom Bones was already an old friend, would be glad if any of the camp would visit their old favorite whenever they desired, and assure themselves that he was well cared for. I am afraid that the bait thus ingenuously thrown out had a good deal to do with our ultimate yielding. However, the reports of those who visited Bones were wonderful and marvellous. He was residing there in state, lying on rugs in the drawing-room, coiled up under the judicial desk in the judge's study, sleeping regularly on the mat outside Miss Pinkey's bedroom door, or lazily snapping at flies on the judge's lawn. "He's as yaller as ever," said one of our informants, "but it don't somehow seem to be the same back that we used to bunk clods over in the old time, just to see him scoot out of the dust."

And I may reluctantly record a fact which I am aware all lovers of dogs will indignantly deny, and will be furiously bayed at by every faithful hound since the days of Ulysses. Bones not only forgot, but absolutely *cut us!* Those who called upon the judge in "store clothes," he would, perhaps, casually notice; but he would sniff at them as if detecting and resenting them under their superficial exterior. The rest he simply paid no attention to. The more familiar term of "Bonesy," formerly applied to him in our rare moments of endearment, produced no response. This pained, I think, some of the more youthful of us; but, through some strange human weakness, it also increased the camp's respect for him. Nevertheless we spoke of him familiarly to strangers at the very moment he ignored us. I am afraid that we also took some pains to point out that he was getting fat and unwieldy, and losing his elasticity, implying covertly that his choice was a mistake and his life a failure.

A year after, he died in the odor of sanctity and respectability, being found one morning coiled up and stiff on the mat outside Miss Pinkey's door. When the news was conveyed to us, we asked permission, the camp being in a prosperous condition, to erect a stone over his grave. But when it came to the inscription, we could only think of the two words murmured to him by Miss Pinkey, which we always believed effected his conversion:

"*Good* Dog!"

TOGETHER.

ASCRIBED TO JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

SWEET hand, that, held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take thee as the sign

Of sweeter days in store
For life, and more than life, when life is done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request:
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest
Some silent heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand
Which saves e'en while it blesses! hold me fast;
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So near the better land.

Sweet hand, that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this, and make me thine.

BISHOP VINCENT AND HIS WORK.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

THE only real and lasting addition a man makes to the world's stock of truth is empirical—that which he finds out in the course of his practical living. Self-truths, self-discoveries, are the only vital ones. In substance they may be what other men have found and told—told better, perhaps, than another can ever expect to do it; but in their power to inspire and move, they are unique. They have an originality, a genuineness, a force of reproduction, which lies only in things born of individual experience and pain and effort.

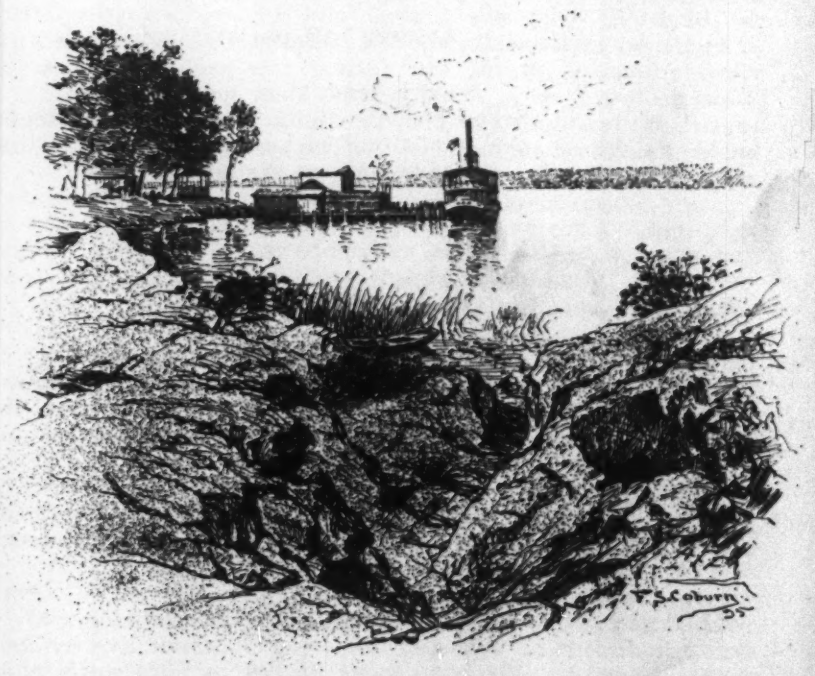
There are few men whose public work illustrates this more clearly than that of the Right Reverend Bishop John H. Vincent.

Dr. Vincent came of a stock from which we have learned to expect strong and original things—good Huguenot stock. His great-great-great-grandfather was born in 1676, in southern France, but the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove the family from the country to America. Here the Vincents multiplied and scattered. At the beginning of this century a branch was living in central Pennsylvania. One of the sons of this family left home in the twenties, and settled in Alabama, where he married a Miss Raser, the daughter of a sea-captain, Bernard Raser of Philadelphia.

The oldest child of this Alabama family is John Heyl Vincent, born in Tuscaloosa, February 23, 1832. At his birth the child was consecrated to the ministry, and he was taught from infancy what was hoped from him. Even when very young he seems to have accepted the idea, for before he was five years old he began his career by gathering all the little darkies of the neighborhood into his play-ground, and expounding the gospel to them, keeping them in order in the meantime with a whip.

THE VINCENT HOUSEHOLD.

No atmosphere could have been more stimulating to this idea of consecration than was that in the home of the Vincents. Believing that the verities of life are in the Christian religion, they practised and taught it after the strictest interpretation.



THE OLD LANDING AT CHAUTAUQUA.

BISHOP VINCENT'S MOTHER AND FATHER.

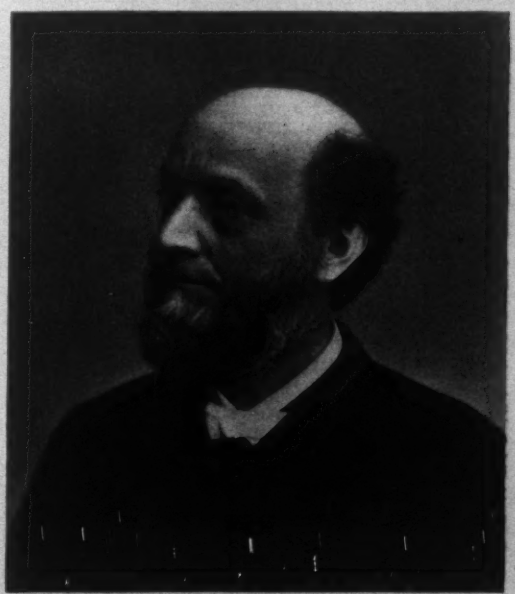
The rules for daily prayer and sabbath observance, against amusements and earthly ambitions, were rigidly enforced, and yet it was not a harsh or merely formal atmosphere. It was rather one of such solemn earnestness that ambitions and interests not centred in the church and in the hereafter seemed trivial, weak, unworthy. The mother hallowed the whole by the saintliness of her life.

Mary Vincent was one of those women who sanctify all they touch. Her influence over her children was most complete and enduring. In youth the highest ambition of their lives was to be like her; in manhood her memory has remained a persistent, daily inspiration. One understands something of the character of her ascendency when he reads the fine tribute her son has paid her in his memorial volume, "My Mother," or studies such a characterization as the following: "My mother was an incarnation of consistency, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and serenity. I never heard her speak one harsh or foolish word. She believed with her whole soul in the truths of religion as taught by Jesus of Nazareth, and her daily life was controlled by her faith."

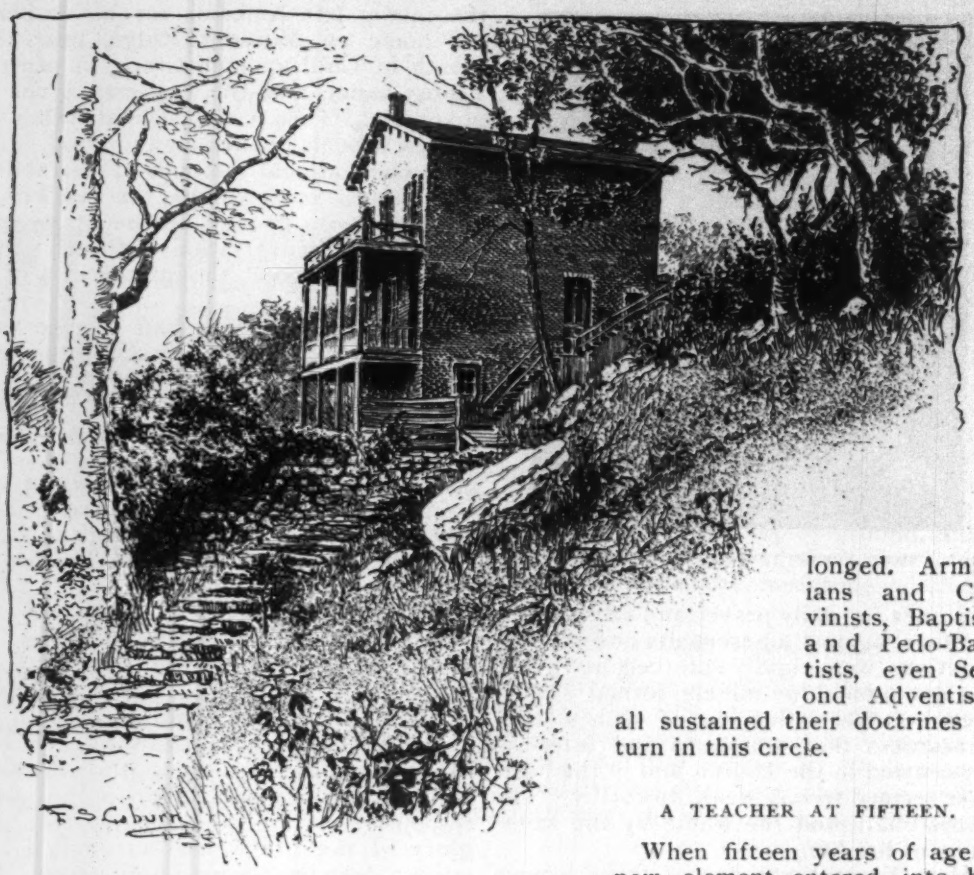
In such surroundings the idea that he was set apart for the ministry, taught to an imaginative and reflective child, would naturally appear to him of the highest possible importance. But the Vincent father and mother combined with deep spirituality and strict interpretation, large culture and refinement, and their son was carefully instructed. When he was six years of age the family left Alabama for his father's old home on Montour Ridge, near the mouth of Chillisquaque Creek, in central Pennsylvania, and the boy was given a governess. Then came several years in the best schools of the neighborhood. But these conventional methods of instruction were of less value to him, the wise know, than the books he read, the haunts he frequented, the conversation he heard; and all these were good, though not of a wide range.

Among the books he had become well acquainted with before he was fifteen years old, were "Robinson Crusoe," the "Swiss Family Robinson," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Spectator," Gibbon's "Rome," Rollin's "Ancient History," Pitkin's "Political and Civil History of the United States," Plutarch's "Lives," Pollok's "Course of Time," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Paradise Lost," Thomson's "Seasons," Cowper's "Task," Pope's "Essay on Man," Goldsmith's poems, "Peter Parley," and a large number of "lives" of saintly people, such as John Wesley, John Summerfield, John and Mary Fletcher, James B. Taylor, William Carvosso.

His haunts were the beautiful and picturesque mountains of central Pennsylvania. The boy was of an enthusiastic, responsive nature, and the mystery and glory of the life which surrounded him made a deep impression on his mind. The influence for the time was so strong that it kept him away from companions, brooding



BISHOP VINCENT.



METHODIST EPISCOPAL PARSONAGE AT GALENA, ILLINOIS, WHERE BISHOP VINCENT LIVED IN 1859–1861.

alone over what he did not understand. No doubt this life, so close to nature, emphasized the tendency to morbid introspection which almost always characterizes young, ambitious, and deeply religious natures. In this experience young Vincent passed through a period common to many of the great men of America who were reared far away from cities and in close contact with the mysteries of forests and streams, of night and seasons.

While he read and dreamed, he had a healthy counterpoise in the conversation of his family. His father was a man of keen, decided opinions, who loved to debate, and did it well. It was the custom in the Vincent home to entertain generously the travelling ministers of the region. With these men, who were often of large native wit, and able talkers, even if poorly educated, the conversations were long and exciting, and stimulated the boy's intelligence to healthy activity. Nor were the arguments confined to the policy and creeds of the church to which Dr. Vincent belonged. Arminians and Calvinists, Baptists and Pedo-Baptists, even Second Adventists, all sustained their doctrines in turn in this circle.

A TEACHER AT FIFTEEN.

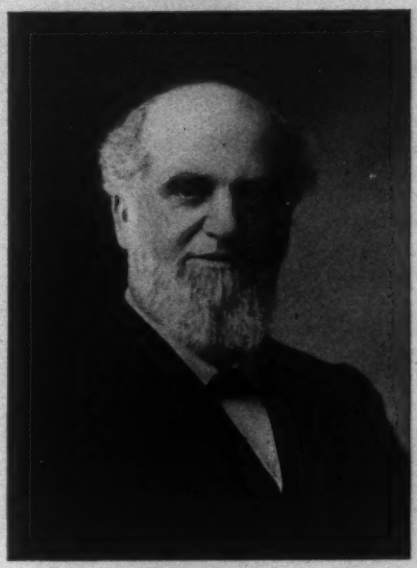
When fifteen years of age a new element entered into his education. He became a schoolteacher. There were few young men or women of the better class in the country districts, forty years ago, who did not begin to make their way by teaching. There are few who have had this experience who do not count it a large factor in their intellectual development. It forced them to study, and to study in a new way, with a definiteness of purpose until then unknown. It gave form and completeness to their former instruction, and increased their ambition for knowledge. Certainly it did all this for John Vincent. He was his own busiest pupil, as the conscientious teacher always is, and his ingenuity and pleasure in devising methods for making the studies attractive to his pupils were boundless. I remember hearing him describe once his first open-air gathering—a form of meeting which he has since used so freely in his work. He had the usual plain little country schoolhouse—a dusty, hot place in summer—and he wanted to make the hours less sluggish and wearisome. Beside the schoolhouse was a grove. With the aid of his pupils he enclosed part of the grove

by a rail fence, and put up seats, and there on warm days the lessons were studied and recited. It takes imagination and energy and the spirit of an innovator to make such changes in the established humdrum of a country school, and when you find one who does it, you may be sure you have there a spirit bent on achievement.

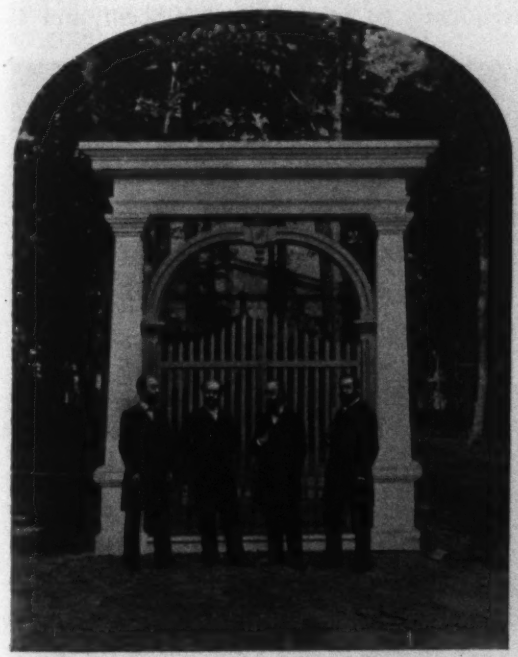
Young Vincent certainly was bent on doing something in the world. With each year of his life his ambition to succeed in his profession had increased. He felt that he could do something, but that he first must have more education, and he resolved to go to college.

While his ambition for knowledge was deep, it was not the deepest spring of his nature. Before everything else the young fellow desired to be like his mother. Since his childhood that longing had possessed him, and the impossibility of attaining his ideal had tortured him incessantly. It had developed in him an introspection, a morbid conscientiousness, which now came into opposition with his ambition for knowledge.

He had been licensed to "exhort" when eighteen years old, and the same year had been made a local preacher. His success had been large. When he talked of a college education he was met with cautions from friends and teachers. Was it not to hamper the holy work to which he had been called, to leave it now to study? Might he not lose his freshness and fervor of spirit in four years of poring over secular books? Did the Lord need anything but a willing spirit? Was it not simply a glorification of self, this cultivation of one who was really only the "mouthpiece of the Lord"?



LEWIS MILLER, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.
From a photograph by Courtney, Akron, Ohio.



A GROUP OF CHAUTAUQUA WORKERS.
Bishop Warren on the right; next, Dr. Lyman Abbott; then Bishop Vincent; and on the left, Dr. W. C. Wilkinson.

To a young man already morbidly conscientious, vain a little, perhaps, of the importance which seemed attached to his efforts, and eager to make any sacrifice which seemed to bring him nearer to his ideal, the abandonment of his ambition for a college training was but another step in that self-abnegation which he fancied to be holiness. And so young Vincent decided to enter the ministry.

A HEROIC SCHEME OF STUDY.

Fortunately his renunciation of college did not mean the renunciation of education, as it does in so many similar cases. Indeed, as if alarmed by his decision, the young man took to study with a determination and a persistency which he could hardly have equalled if he had been a regularly enrolled collegian. The first few years of his ministry were spent on the circuit, and as he travelled on horseback from station to station he read eagerly, analyzed sermons, committed long passages of poetry to memory, preached aloud to the trees and winds.

The more he studied, the better he un-

derstood what he had lost in giving up college; the more he worked in his profession, the more keenly he felt the value of a thorough mental training. His lack of it became a constant regret. He compared himself incessantly with others, underrated, no doubt, his own acquirements, and overestimated those of the college-bred. Upon a weak nature this sharp sense of deficiency, of a good out of reach, would have produced discouragement and destoyed the initiative of which it was capable; but the effect was different on Dr. Vincent. He resolved that he would make up for what he had missed, by a course of self-culture. The plan he pursued he has told himself, better than I can:

"During my early ministerial life I conceived a plan, reaching through the years, by which, in connection with professional duties, I might turn my whole life into a college course, and by force of personal resolve secure many benefits of college education. I remembered that the college aims to promote, through force of personal resolve, the systematic training of all the mental faculties to the habit of concentrated and continuous attention, that the mind, with its varied energies, may be trained, and thus prepared to do its best work, subject to the direction of the will; that it cultivates the powers of oral and written expression; that it encourages fellowships and competitions among students seeking the same end; that it secures the influence of professional specialists—great teachers who know how to inspire and to quicken other minds; and that it gives to a man broad surveys of the fields of learning, discovering relations, indicating the lines of special research for those whose peculiar aptitudes are developed by college discipline, thus giving one a sense of his own littleness in the presence of the vast realm of truth exposed to view, so that he may find out with La Place that 'what we know here is very little; what we are ignorant of is immense.'

"The task before me was to secure these results to as large a degree as possible: mental discipline, in order to intellectual achievement, practice in expression, contact with living students and living teachers, and the broad outlook which the college curriculum guarantees. This aim, therefore, for years controlled my professional and non-professional studies. It was constantly present in sermonizing, in teaching, in general reading, in pastoral visitation, in contact deliberately sought with the ablest men and women — specialists, scientists, *littérateurs*—whom I could find, especially those who had gone through college or who had taught in college. I secured, from time to time, special teachers in Greek, in Hebrew, in French, in physical science, giving what time I could to preparation and recitation. I read with care translations of Homer and Virgil, outlines of the leading Greek and Latin classics, and, in connection with an exceedingly busy professional life, devoted much time to popular readings in science and English literature. When thirty years old I went abroad, and spent a year chiefly for the sake of coming into personal contact with the Old World of history and literature, and found double pleasure in the pilgrimage because I made it a part of *my* college training. In Egypt and Palestine, in Greece and Italy, I felt the spell of the old sages, writers, artists, and was glad to find that the readings of my youth and of my later manhood greatly helped me to appreciate the regions I visited and the remains in art and architecture which I was permitted to study."

This plan of education has become the settled intellectual habit of the man. It has been my privilege for several years frequently to meet Bishop Vincent, and I

AN OLD GROUP OF CHAUTAUQUA WORKERS.

Professor B. P. Bowne on the right; next, Bishop Foster; then Governor Colquitt of Georgia; Bishop Vincent; and on the left, Joseph Cook.

PRESIDENT MILLER'S COTTAGE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

never talk with him that I am not impressed by his mental alertness. He is always eager to know what book you are reading; what you think of some new fact or event or idea. A half-dozen times in the course of a conversation his fountain pen comes out to note a phrase, a word; to give or take an address, a title. This incessant mental activity, combined with constant travel—Dr. Vincent's professional duties keep him constantly *en route* in the United States, and he often visits Europe—makes him a most stimulating and entertaining companion.

DR. VINCENT'S REVOLUTION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

As thorough education assumed more and more value in the judgment of the young minister, he instinctively began to criticise the methods of teaching he saw about him. The first thing which attracted his attention was the Bible instruction given in his church. He saw that, as a rule, it dealt purely with dogma and rules; that the Bible as history and literature was a closed volume. At once he set about to improve the methods of study, to try to share with others the intellectual delight he drew from the book, and in 1855, when twenty-three years old, he started, in the New Jersey church where he was stationed, a Saturday afternoon class devoted to the study of Biblical history—the "Palestine Class," as he called it. Here young and old studied the Bible purely as a work of art and of record. To secure thoroughness from his pupils, the teacher prepared a series of graded examinations, and it was only as one "passed" that he was permitted to go on with more advanced work.

The Palestine Class opened Dr. Vincent's eyes to the great need of the Sunday school of forty years ago—intelligent teachers; and he set about devising a means to prepare them for their work. A "Church Normal Class" was the form he proposed, and in 1857 he organized in Joliet, Illinois, whither he had been transferred from New Jersey, the first class for training Sunday-school teachers. Several denominations were represented in it. The idea proved catching. It appealed to the intelligent everywhere. They saw in it the germ of a system which they all had long felt was essential to the future of this department of the church. There were calls made on all sides for Dr. Vincent's methods and opinions, and he saw the need of making his work broader than his parish. In 1861 he attempted this by holding the first Sunday-school Institute in America. The Palestine Class and the Normal Class were, of course, features of the Institute, and here the idea, now so generally accepted, that the Sunday-school

teacher should be prepared for his work as well as the secular teacher for his, was advanced. In fact, at this gathering the modern Sunday school began to take form.

But there was no literature on the subject, and Dr. Vincent saw himself obliged to prepare hand-books and manuals, one after another, which embodied his methods and plans. The first of these was issued in 1861, "Little Foot-Prints in Bible Lands." In 1865 he became a Sunday-school editor, establishing the "Sunday-school Quarterly," and, a year later, the "Sunday-school Teacher." Into the latter he incorporated an idea which has since revolutionized the Sunday schools of the world. That idea was the germ of the present lesson system with lesson-leaves. Every one who has been in a Sunday school in the last twenty years knows what that system is—how the Bible is studied in sections, a Gospel, for example, being assigned to one quarter of the year, and a certain number of verses from this Gospel being selected for each Sunday of the three months. With this text as a foundation, the lesson is developed in a "lesson-leaf" containing critical notes, comparative readings, illustrations, and other helps.

This lesson system, begun in the "Sunday-school Times" in 1866, was undenominational. Soon after, Dr. Vincent adapted the same plan to a Methodist Episcopal system which he called the "Berean." Then a still wider application of the plan suggested itself, and it was not long before, through the influence of the Sunday-school layman Mr. Jacobs, it became national. Later, through Dr. Vincent's influence, it was made international.

This revolution in Sunday-school methods drew the young pastor prominently before his church, and in 1868 he was made secretary of the Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a position he held for twenty years. His activity in this new position was intense, and his fertility endless. Sunday schools all over the country were stimulated to adopt normal methods; the lesson-leaves were placed in the hands of the ablest scholars of the denomination for annotation; the best talent was called in to contribute to the Sunday-school journals; indeed, this department of church work was revived the country over in all denominations. At the same time, Dr. Vincent continued to pour forth books designed to explain and develop the system. The complete series of his books forms in reality an encyclopædia of the modern Sunday school. It includes, among others, the well-known Berean question-books from 1871 to 1882, a series of hand-books for normal work, a volume on the "Modern Sunday School," and another on the "Church School."

ORIGIN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

With the Sunday-school instruction of the whole country thus brought under one general plan, there came into existence, to complete and secure the important amendment in the work thus wrought, the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, and Dr. Vincent were the joint originators, and are still leaders, of the Chautauqua Assembly. It was opened in August, 1874, on the shores of Chautauqua Lake, in the State of New York. Methods of teaching every grade of pupils, from the baby in the infant class to the gray-haired elder in the adults' Bible class, were submitted and discussed. A great variety of helps of all descriptions, intended to make the scenes and incidents of the Bible real and vivid, were provided. There were models of Palestine and Jerusalem, of an Egyptian pyramid, and of the Jewish tabernacle. Lectures, entertainments, and good music gave popularity to the platform.

FOUNDING OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

The Assembly met with a hearty public response, and it grew steadily in attractiveness and usefulness, until, in 1878, a feature was introduced which has given it a world-wide fame, and made it a prominent element in the development of popular education in this country.

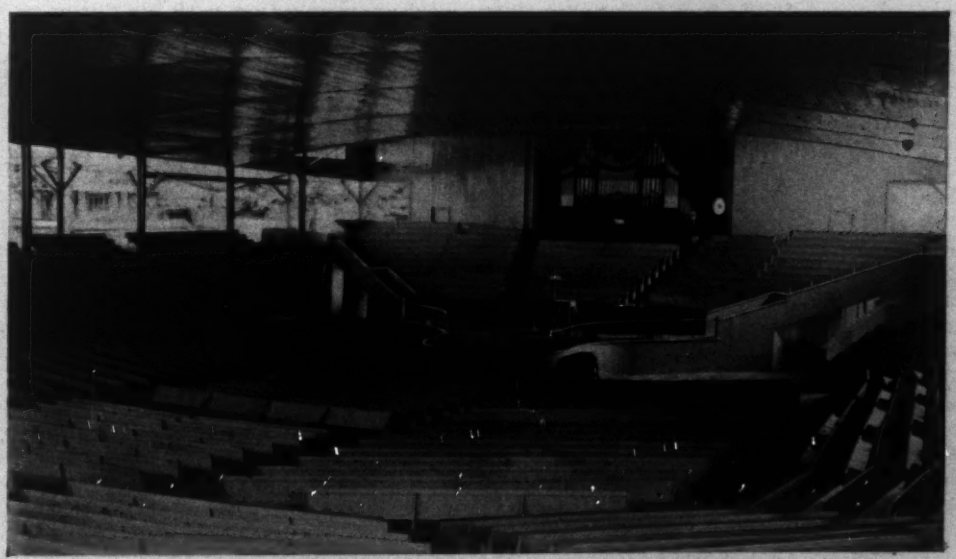
To understand this peculiar feature we must turn again to Dr. Vincent's plan of self-culture. The labor he had given to self-education grew out of his keen realization of the limitations, undeveloped reasoning faculties and untrained taste put on life, and he had a keen appreciation of the value of what he had won. Endowed with a fervid imagination, and a large sympathy with, and comprehension of, the limitations of humanity, he saw that most of the lives about him were poor and narrow simply because of their stunted intellectual growth; that almost invariably men and women accepted the idea that education is an affair of teachers and text-books and lessons, and that, if it is not secured in the

early years of life, they must resign themselves apathetically never to know. For many years he brooded over this sad side of life. From being one of the woes of others which he could not forget, it became one of those which he felt he must try to relieve. As he pondered the subject he saw clearly that what was needed was some plan simple and practical enough to seem feasible to even the most ignorant and hard-pressed, inviting enough to awaken their imaginations, interesting enough to lead them on when they had once begun it. Unconsciously this plan developed, until suddenly it became, as its author felt, reasonable and practical.

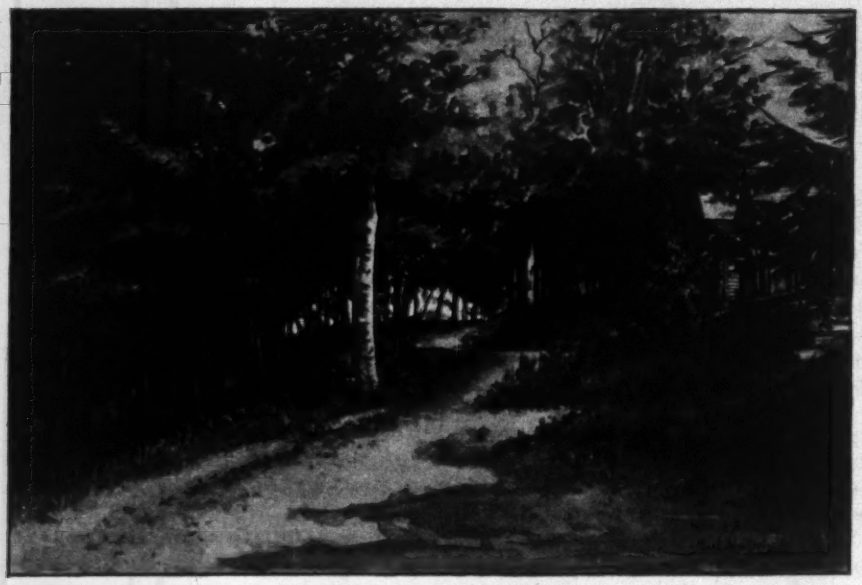
The public now is pretty well acquainted with this plan. It proposes a four-years' course of reading, entirely in English, along the lines of the subjects taken up in college. These readings are selected by a board of councillors, and for the most part are prepared especially to suit the needs of the organization. About an hour a day for nine months of the year is required to do the work, and, to aid the student, the reading is divided up by the week. Each year the reader fills out a memorandum on this work and is given a certificate of what he has accomplished. Arrangements are made by which readers can unite, if they will, into local circles, for mutual help in their readings.

As soon as Dr. Vincent had developed his scheme sufficiently, he submitted it to various prominent men of the country, among them William Cullen Bryant, and from everybody he received encouraging responses. The want he proposed to fill was undeniable; it looked as if his plan was practical, and so in August, 1878, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, as the new organization was named, was made public at the Chautauqua Assembly.

No one who was present on the occasion when Dr. Vincent explained and inaugurated the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will ever forget the day. The plan had been born of the man's own experience and of his deep sympathy for others. He believed thoroughly in its power to uplift and enrich multitudes of men and women, and he presented it in an address which profoundly moved and astonished his audience. He showed a comprehension of the limitations of the lives of those to whom he spoke, so true and just, a sympathy so real and tender, his plan seemed so clear and practical as he explained it, that men and women who for years had accepted with dull resignation the narrow limits of their intellectual lives, were startled into recognizing that it had been their own inaction which had been binding them, and that, after all, the world of knowledge and thought might be for them. Before the gathering was disbanded over seven hundred persons had joined the new society. An amusing, as well as almost pathetic, feature of the day, was the absolute levelling effect the address had. Age, social condition, previous education, seemed to be utterly obliterated. Young and old, college-bred and untrained, rich



THE NEW AMPHITHEATRE, CHAUTAUQUA.



A PLEASANT CHAUTAUQUA RAMBLE.

and poor, busy and idle, joined the circle with one accord. The great audience seemed to have suddenly comprehended that the pursuit of knowledge and culture is independent of all conditions.

RAPID GROWTH OF THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE.

It was soon evident that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was not to be confined to the constituency of the Chautauqua Assembly. It spread with amazing rapidity all over the country. Before the end of the first four years sixty thousand students from all over North and South America, from Europe, Japan, and the islands of the sea, were enrolled. Up to the present year some two hundred and seventeen thousand readers have joined. Take a single class, and you have a fair representation of the extent of the work—that formed in 1892, and called the "class of '96." Within a year after its organization at Chautauqua it had more than ten thousand members, and nearly five hundred local circles. About one thousand of the members came from the South, an equal number from New England, some four thousand from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, two hundred from Canada, six hundred from California and Oregon, four hundred from Washington, seventy from foreign lands.

Dr. Vincent found himself at once with a vast correspondence on his hands and a great work of organization to attend to. This plan of self-culture appealed so deeply to men and women, it seemed so evident to them that its originator must have understood their individual needs, that, with the naïveté of inexperience and ignorance, scores of people were constantly bringing him their personal stories. Many of these were pathetic in the extreme. During several years I saw something of the interior workings of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and I believe that I am not wrong in saying that the founder of the new circle, driven as he was by the necessity of carrying on the new work in connection with his duties as Sunday-school secretary, never neglected these personal appeals. This effort to meet special cases is not the least of the noble unseen work which has gone on in connection with Chautauqua.

As the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle grew older, the work of organization and adaptation became enormous. New questions were constantly waiting for solution. New needs were constantly arising. The most serious question which arose in the early stages has always seemed to me to be how to persuade those who had read the prescribed four years' course to go on after it was finished; for, evidently, unless they do continue systematic reading of some kind, little has been done for them. An ingenious plan for tempting the reader was devised, by which courses of special readings in literature, history, and science were offered to those who had completed the four years' course. These courses are, as

a rule, admirably arranged, and of such a variety that, whatever the special interest awakened during the preliminary course, the reader is almost sure to find what he wants waiting for him. Not only are special courses arranged; a series of correspondence lessons are offered, and arrangements made with eminent professors all over the country to conduct the lessons, making suggestions to the pupils, correcting exercises, and giving examinations.

WHAT THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

At present some two thousand of those who have finished the regular four years' course are reading advanced courses, and hundreds more are doing independent reading. The majority of these are middle-aged or old men and women, many of them living isolated lives. As soon as one advanced course is finished another is chosen, and so they go on from year to year. I remember meeting once, at a Western Chautauqua Assembly, a woman, perhaps fifty years of age, who had been following the Chautauqua plan for some ten years. She told me, with much emotion, that it had changed her life completely. She lived on a Dakota ranch, sixty miles from a post-office, with no neighbors, and she the only woman in the household. For several years her life there had been very empty. One day she saw an advertisement of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and concluded to try it. "I thought," she said, quoting from the advertisement she had seen, "that I was about as 'old' and 'poor' and 'busy' as they make them; and if there was any way to make me young again, and turn my kitchen into a schoolroom, I was going to have it."

She had sent for the books, finished the four years' course in two, and then gone with a will into history and literature. She had done an enormous amount of reading. What it had done for her intellectually I do not know; but this is certain, it had changed her discontent with her life into content. "I like it now," she said of her ranch; "I get so much time there to read, and it all means so much more than it used to."

"And has it made you young again?" I asked her.

She blushed a little. "John says so. John don't take much stock in books, but he says I shall have all I want; that I've been more like myself ever since I began to read in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

In a Pennsylvania farming district I met another woman once who had by accident stumbled into the course, and to whom it had opened a new world. She was in a constant state of amazement over the discoveries she made. She would talk of old Greeks and Romans with untiring curiosity and eagerness. How did they dress? What did they eat? What were their houses like? She wanted to settle it all clearly. "I never knew before," she would say frequently, "that there were so many things in the world." This woman

A CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE CLASS IN JAPAN.

was very poor, and the summer I saw her had gone without her usual new gown to buy her books, and frequently she walked three miles and a half *to consult a dictionary*.

These cases are not rare. The archives of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle are full of them. I merely cite these because they came under my personal observation.

The "local circles," as the groups of readers are called, increased rapidly, and have been from the first a serious care to the society. It was necessary to counsel them from the first about organization, methods, in fact all features of club life, and constant ingenuity has been required to hold them to their allegiance. At present there are about fourteen hundred circles registered at the business office of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle; many of them were founded in the first years of the society, and have been in active operation ever since. Frequently these circles are the most influential literary agencies in the towns to which they belong. They conduct lecture courses, give entertainments, and, in some cases, have founded public town libraries. At present the circles are succeeding admirably in handling series of lectures on the university extension plan. Last year over seventy of these series were given under the auspices of local Chautauqua circles.

No development of the local circles is more interesting than that in the prisons. In the State prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, a circle has been in existence several years. Its meetings are held every fortnight, and the "Prison Mirror," published by the men, contains many reports. At the Lincoln penitentiary in Nebraska is the Look Forward Circle, whose members are in regular correspondence with the headquarters of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. One member writes in a recent letter: "The majority of the members of the Chautauqua circle are hard at work answering the questions necessary to entitle them to graduate at the end of the course; and if hard work and determination will avail, not one of the boys will be scratched." Another says: "Some of the members have improved themselves wonderfully, while all, no doubt, have been benefited. As for myself, I have gained knowledge; and as long as there are two members of our class, I will be the other fellow." Another member, in speaking of the course for the coming year, wrote: "These things carry me back to years past, when, as a student and a respected citizen, I was reading the same subjects; and I observe among those who are to take part at the Chautauqua Assembly one who at one time was one of my old teachers."

The work at Lincoln is under the care of the Chautauqua circle of the city. Out of this personal interest has grown, during the last year, the prison-reform club, organized by the Chautauquans of Lincoln, and known as the Nebraska Prison-Reform Association, its purpose being to disseminate information, and to awaken an intelligent interest throughout the State, in order to secure the legislation which is needful to remedy existing evils in penal institutions.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Such a development did the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle take, so earnest did its students show themselves, that by degrees there were incorporated in the Chautauqua Assembly, summer schools of the most varied character, calculated to give larger opportunities to serious students. The summer classes in languages, which were first introduced for two or three weeks in a season, have developed until now the College of Liberal Arts is an organized chartered school for higher instruction, where for six weeks of each year students may enjoy the personal instruction of the best teachers of America. Five hundred or more students are annually enrolled in this institution, and many of these carry on by correspondence the work through the year. Numerous other branches of work have grown up, such as the Teachers' Retreat, intended to give to teachers instruction in pedagogics from the ablest men to be found. In short, the original Assembly has become a great summer educational institution, drawing together thousands of people annually, and organized in the most thorough way.

THE MANNER OF LIFE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

The life at Chautauqua is highly picturesque and original. Several thousand people live on the grounds through the summer, and in the season the place is bustling with life. Everybody has some special business. Most of the middle-aged women are members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and they follow all of the meetings of the organization with the greatest interest. The lectures,

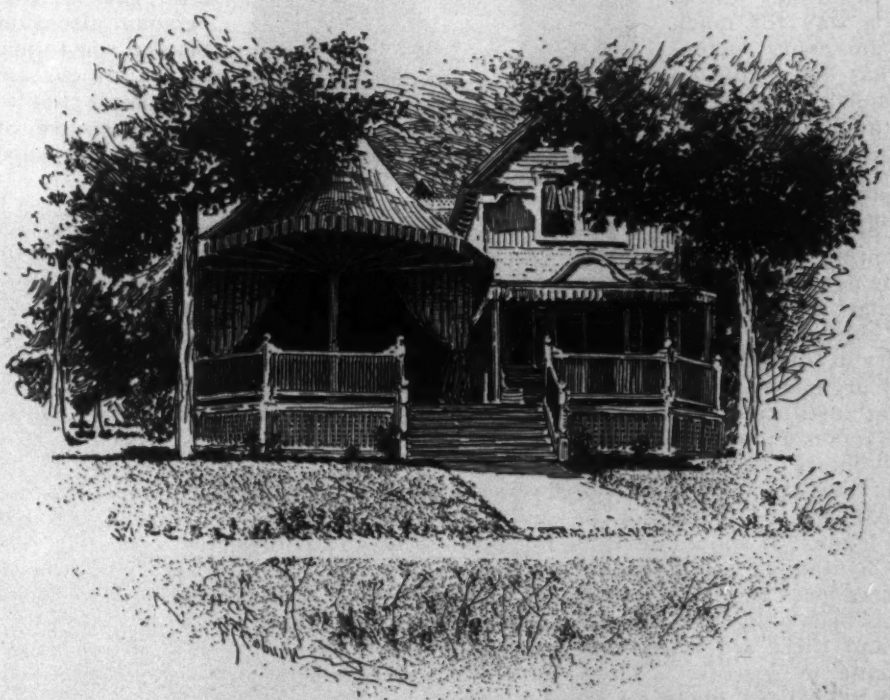
concerts, women's meetings, and Bible classes are largely recruited from this class. Many of these women keep house, and some of them do their own work. One sees them hurrying home from Bowne on the "Philosophy of Atheism," or John Fiske on the "First Discoveries in America," with a pail of milk in one hand and a note-book in the other. They will get supper and "clear up" in time to go to the lake shore for an open-air concert and fireworks, or to the amphitheatre for a concert.

Children and young people are thick on the grounds. The youngsters go every morning for an hour to a children's Bible class, which is an ideal affair of its kind; many of them give one or two hours more in the day to French or German with native teachers. The rest of the time they are boating, swimming, in the gymnasium, or in the sand heaps. The young people are most of them students in the college, and as athletics flourish at Chautauqua, they crowd the water and practise diligently at the gymnasium. Physical exercise, indeed, has a very large place in the daily programme, and there are no performances more popular than the annual calisthenic exhibitions of the pupils from the gymnasiums, the frequent matches between the local baseball team and some visiting club, and the regattas. Everybody attends these things from the grimmest doctor of divinity down to the toddler.

Scattered among the people are scores of eminent professors, clergymen, and writers, and the effect of this democratic mingling is very marked. Let a new literary man come to Chautauqua, and immediately his books are in demand. Hundreds of people have read Cable, Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, Lew Wallace, John Fiske, who would never have known their books if it had not been for their visits there. Indeed, Chautauquans, as the *habitués* are called, are inclined to feel that anybody who hasn't been to Chautauqua to lecture or teach cannot amount to much. The daughter of a prominent American astronomer told me that she once met a devotee of the place on the cars. In conversation she spoke of her father's achievements. "Has he ever been to Chautauqua?" asked her companion, and when she found he had not, her interest immediately waned. In her judgment he could not have been much of an astronomer, if he had not been to what, to her, was the centre of all science and literature.

OTHER CHAUTAUQUAS.

Chautauqua has not, of course, remained uncopied. There are to be held in the

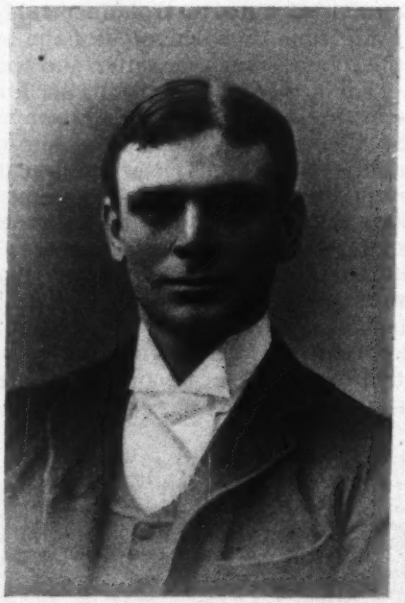


BISHOP VINCENT'S COTTAGE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

United States this year at least fifty-four different "Chautauqua assemblies;" and while no one of them is so large and many-sided as the original, they all follow the main lines of the mother assembly.

It is not only assemblies and summer schools which have grown out of the Chautauqua idea. The movement has stimulated educational institutions of all kinds. Even in England the university extension movement has acknowledged its indebtedness to Chautauqua; and after its first Oxford summer school one of the chairmen said: "The idea of the movement was taken from the Americans. It is interesting to notice that we get back from that great continent educational suggestions. The idea was suggested by the great success of what is known in America as the Chautauqua movement."

It was Chautauqua which led to the introduction of the university extension movement here, and she has done much to promote the work. Indeed, the preliminary work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle made a way for much that university extension has been able to accomplish. It is in Chautauqua, too, that one must look for the origin of such educational methods as the new Chicago University is adopting.



GEORGE E. VINCENT, BISHOP VINCENT'S SON.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

It is not too much to say that a practical system of popular home culture has been introduced into the country in this Chautauqua work, has been wisely organized, and has been made a permanent institution. That the system has its defects is undeniable—most institutions have—but its defects are those which experience, time, and earnest effort can remedy. A great institution cannot be produced ready made. It should never be forgotten that Chautauqua had no model to follow, no precedents to guide—or hamper—her; she has been obliged to grow from the bottom, and there are many experiments to be made in growth. That impossible claims have been made for her by many of her admirers who are more enthusiastic than wise, is certain, but these claims Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller have been the first to combat. Dr. Vincent insists that the Chautauqua system of home reading and study is for those who are too old, too poor, or too busy to go to school; who want to turn mature life and old age into youth, and make a study of shop, railway-car, kitchen, or forest; who have never had the preliminary education which would show them how to study alone. He has never ceased to insist that the preliminary work done in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle means nothing, if it does not awaken a desire to go on with higher, more independent readings and studies; that unless the homes where the plan is taken up learn to buy books and send the children to college, the plan has failed there. Those who have followed closely the work know that in many cases the higher aims which Dr. Vincent demands for his plan have been realized.

For some twelve years after the organization of the Chautauqua home-culture scheme, Dr. Vincent gave it his close personal attention; but his aim was to make the institution so compact and simple that it would be independent of him. This he has succeeded admirably in doing. The coöperation he has had from his only son, Mr. George E. Vincent, has made this a much simpler matter than it otherwise could have been. On leaving Yale Mr. Vincent became his father's associate in the Chautauqua work, and to-day he is the active chancellor of the institution. During the last three years he has been doing graduate work at the University of Chicago, and has recently been appointed instructor in the Department of Sociology in that institution. Thoroughly educated, possessed of large executive ability, tact, a pleasant address, and good common sense, the younger man has fitted into the unique place opened to him as few could have done, and he is doing much to work out the large problems of the place, and to develop its best possibilities.

DR. VINCENT AS A BISHOP, A WRITER, AND A SPEAKER.

It must not be forgotten that Dr. Vincent's Chautauqua work was carried on in connection with a trying official position. That the duties of the latter were not neglected, the condition of the Sunday-school work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he left the secretaryship, shows. Take but one example: the circulation of the "Sunday-school Journal," which in 1868 was sixteen thousand, in 1888, when he retired, was one hundred and fifty thousand.

Dr. Vincent left the Sunday school of his church because elected, in 1888, a bishop. In his new office he has carried on his educational methods, laboring in the cause of ministerial education, just as in the sixties he did for the Sunday school, in the seventies and eighties for the people. The form his effort has taken in his new position is the Itinerant's Club—an at-home theological school for non-resident students already engaged in the ministry.

As a writer Bishop Vincent is known especially in his church and in the educational movements with which his name is connected. Simplicity and directness of English; clear, analytical arrangement of matter; vividness and conviction of style, characterize everything he has done.

It is as a speaker, however, that his power is greatest, and it is through the platform that he has inspired men most deeply. The range of Dr. Vincent's oratorical power is wide. No man is happier in a ten-minutes' speech for an occasion, or in the mere introduction of a speaker. For years at Chautauqua the mere rumor that he was going to introduce the lecturer has called out hundreds who otherwise would have remained away, and the probability of a ten-minutes' speech from him at a platform meeting would fill the amphitheatre. These little speeches are sure to go directly to the heart of the subject, and rarely do they fail to be quoted about the grounds through the season. Sometimes it is their wit, for the man possesses a real and spontaneous wit, which scintillates on the platform. Again, it is their practical good sense and suggestiveness.

He is admirable in informal talks, especially to young people, and there is no form of his public addresses, I venture to say, with which he takes more pains. He has so large a sympathy with, so intense an admiration for, youth, that he talks to young people with an animation, an insight, a pleasure, which never fails to win and influence them. At the bottom of his delightful gift for interesting the young, it has always seemed to me that there lay a singular youthfulness. Bishop Vincent is a man whose enthusiasm, ambition, activity, years cannot touch. He reaches the young because he is young.

The sermon and lecture are the forms through which he has done most of his work. The method he employs explains their power. "My lectures and sermons *grow*. I rarely deliver them twice in precisely the same form. I cannot *make* a sermon, I grow it." Another suggestive remark of his, in answer to a question about his method, is worth quoting. "When a young man I tried *not* to say things because they were *rhetorical*. I envied the man whose pages and sermons were packed with ideas, and stated in strong and simple fashion. I owed a great deal to Bishop Huntington's sermons, published when he was professor at Harvard, to Dr. Horace Bushnell, Frederick W. Robertson, Dr. Chalmers, and James Martineau. I *studied* Milton, Wordsworth, the Iliad (in English), the Æneid, Dante, etc. Their elegance of style was impossible to me, but their

THE STUDY IN BISHOP VINCENT'S RESIDENCE AT TOPEKA, KANSAS.

vitality, vigor, freshness, breadth, inspired me."

As a matter of fact, these are the qualities which characterize Bishop Vincent's own sermons. Like his educational schemes, they seem to be the product of his own experience in living. They are full of reality; they go deep into the heart of the hearer, for they come from deep in the heart of the speaker.

His lectures are the same, intensely genuine, sincere, practical. You know the man is not giving you phrases, but experience, thought, feeling.

BISHOP VINCENT'S LIBERALITY.

It is not strange that Bishop Vincent, with his varied gifts, has become a force outside of his church and of the institutions with which he is particularly connected; that Harvard seeks him for five or six weeks each year as a chapel leader. He is larger than his work, and his force is a valuable aid in any undertaking.

His power is not all explained by his persuasive eloquence, his human sympathy, his devotion to knowledge, his winning personal qualities; much of it lies in the catholicity of his spirit. The very foundation of his life is unquestionably his faith in the Christian system, and he is a loyal sectarian; but with that there is no bigotry. Probably this breadth of view has come from the fact that he has always read largely in all schools of thought, and met on cordial terms people of widely different opinions from those he held. Intolerance is usually the result of ignorance. Chautauqua itself is a fine example of this liberality of spirit. The councillors of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle include representatives of most varying theologies, and the Chautauqua platform admits any form of Christian opinion; the only essential is sincerity of purpose.

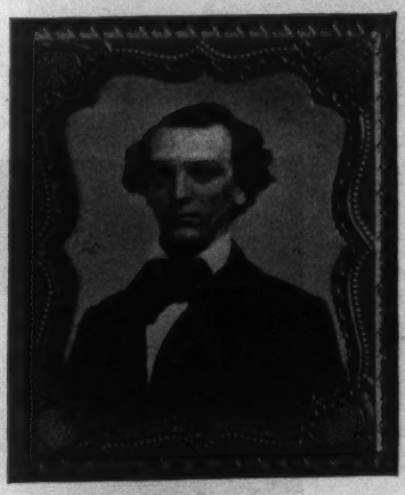
Tact, humor, and good common sense have had as much to do with the building up of the Chautauqua institutions as any other qualities. From the first the place has been beset by well-meaning, but unwise, advocates of causes galore. The platform pretends to be free. To deny a hearing to the advocate of an "ism" for whose sincerity and devotion one has great respect, but whose judgment one suspects, requires, particularly for a man of Bishop Vincent's instinct for helpfulness, great courage. That he has been fairly successful in holding Chautauqua to its legitimate business, is good evidence of tact and sense.

Another characteristic which he has shown in his various institutions is his loyalty to the persons who first understood him and allied themselves with his work. Not that he has sacrificed the good of the work to keep individuals in place. He has been able to inspire individuals to keep pace with the progress made, and to train up a corps of co-workers so devoted and intelligent that the Sunday-school and Chautauqua institutions originating with him are independent of him. He only is a great organizer who does his work so well that it can stand without him.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

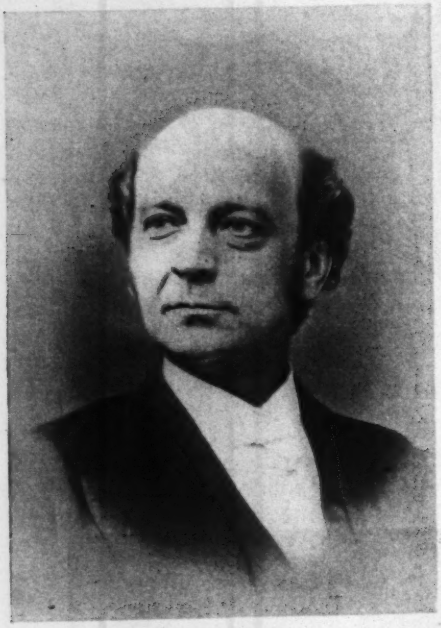
1849. AGE 17.



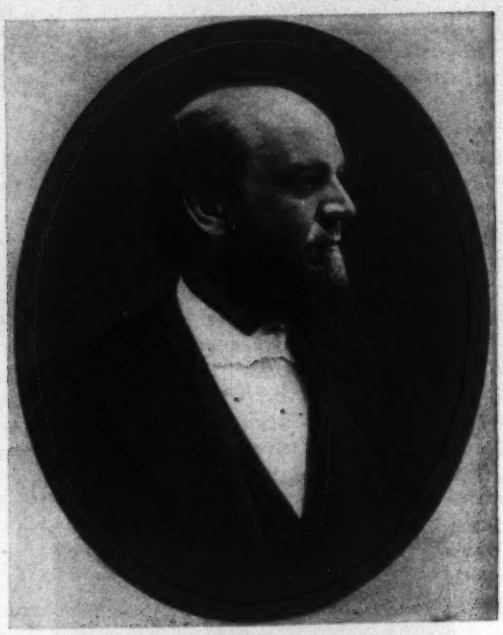
1858. AGE 26.

1862. AGE 30.

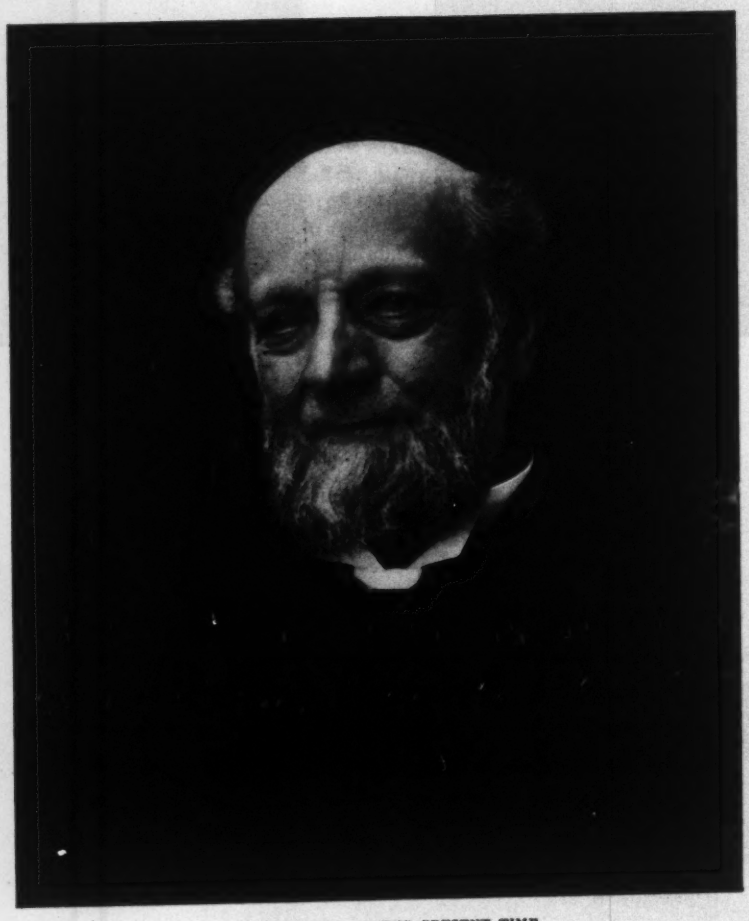
1867. AGE 35.



1876. AGE 44.



1878. AGE 46.



BISHOP VINCENT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

THE GREAT NORTHAMPTON BANK ROBBERY.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

ABOUT midnight on Tuesday, January 25, 1876, five masked men entered the house of John Whittelsey in Northampton, Massachusetts. Mr. Whittelsey was the cashier of the Northampton National Bank, and was known to have in his possession the keys of the bank building and the combination to the bank vault. The five men entered the house noiselessly, with the aid of false keys, previously prepared. Passing up-stairs to the sleeping apartments, they overpowered seven inmates of the house, gagging and binding them so that resistance or alarm was impossible. These were cashier Whittelsey and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Cutler, Miss Mattie White, Miss Benton, and a servant girl.

The bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Whittelsey was entered by two men who seemed to be leaders of the band. One wore a long linen duster buttoned nearly to the knees, also gloves and overshoes; the other wore a jacket and overalls. Both men had their faces concealed behind masks, and one of them carried a dark lantern. On entering the room, the two men went directly to the bed, one standing on either side, and handcuffed Mr. Whittelsey and his wife. Both carried revolvers. The proceedings were much the same in the other rooms.

After some delay and whispered consultation, the robbers ordered the five women to get up and dress. When they had done so, they were roped together by ankles and wrists, and taken into a small room, where they were kept under guard by one of the band. Mr. Cutler also was imprisoned in the same way. Then the two leaders devoted themselves to cashier Whittelsey. They told him plainly that they had come for the keys of the bank, and the combination of the vault, and that they would "make it hot" for him, unless he gave them what they wanted. Mr. Whittelsey replied that it was useless to attempt to break into the bank, as the locks were too strong for their efforts, and he would not betray his trust. At this the man in the linen duster shrugged his shoulders and said they would see about that.

Mr. Whittelsey was then taken downstairs, and again summoned to surrender the keys. Again he refused. At this the man in the overalls put his hand in the cashier's trousers-pocket and drew forth a key.

"Is this the key to the bank?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," answered the cashier, hoping to gain time.

"You lie," said the robber, with threatening gesture, at the same time trying the key in the lock of the front door of the house, which it turned.

"Don't hit him yet," said the other, "he is sick." Then he asked Mr. Whittelsey if he wanted a drink of brandy. Mr. Whittelsey shook his head no. Then the man in the linen duster renewed his demands. He wanted the combination of the vault. Mr. Whittelsey gave him some figures, which the robber wrote down on a piece of paper. These were for the outer door of the vault. He demanded the combination for the inner door, and Mr. Whittelsey gave him other figures. Having written these down also, the robber came close to his prisoner and said, "Will you swear these figures are correct?"

"I will," answered Mr. Whittelsey.

"You are lying again. If they are correct, let's hear you repeat them."

The cashier could not do this, and so disclosed that the figures were not the right ones.

"See, Number One," said the robber, addressing his comrade, "we're wasting time; we'll have to teach him to stop lying."

As he spoke he struck the sharp point of his lead-pencil into Mr. Whittelsey's face so violently as to make a wound, and followed this with several blows on the body.

"Will you tell us now?" he asked.

Mr. Whittelsey kept silent. Then both men came at him, wringing his ears, shaking him by the throat, hurling him to the floor, and pounding their knees into his chest. For three hours this torture was continued. More than once the ruffians placed their revolvers at Mr. Whittelsey's head, declaring they would blow his brains

out unless he yielded. Finally he did yield; the suffering was too great; the supreme instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. Towards four o'clock in the morning, bruised from head to foot, and worn beyond further resistance, he surrendered the keys, and revealed the true combination of the vault.

Then the robbers went away, leaving two of their associates to watch over the prisoners. One of the band, before his departure, did not disdain to search Mr. Whittelsey's clothes, and take his watch and chain and fourteen dollars in money. The last of the band remained in the house until six o'clock; and it was an hour later before Mr. Whittelsey succeeded in freeing himself from his bonds.

He hurried at once to the bank, arriving there soon after seven o'clock. He found the vault door locked, and its dials broken off, so that it was impossible at the moment to determine the extent of the robbery, or, indeed, whether there had been any robbery. It was necessary to send to New York for an expert before the vault could be opened, which was not accomplished until late that night, twenty hours after the attack had been made. Then it was found that the robbers had been only too successful, having secured money and securities estimated at a million and a quarter dollars. Much of this sum was safe deposits, and the loss fell on the depositors; and to some it was the loss of their whole property.

PROPOSALS OF COMPROMISE FROM THE ROBBERS.

At this time the authorities had no clue to the identity of the robbers, though they had left behind them numerous evidences of their presence, such as dark lanterns, masks, sledge-hammers, overshoes, and the like. Their escape had been managed as skilfully as the robbery itself. Sheriff's officers and detectives did their best during subsequent days and weeks, but their efforts were in vain. The president of the bank offered a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the robbers and the return of the property; but there were no discoveries.

When several months had elapsed, the Pinkertons were called into the case. They began by carefully studying certain communications that had been received by the bank directors from persons claiming to have in their possession the missing securities. The first of these communications was dated New York, February 27, 1876, about a month after the robbery. It ran as follows, the letters of each word being carefully printed with a pen, so that there was little chance of identification through the handwriting:

"DEAR SIRS,—When you are satisfied with detective skill, you can make a proposition to us, the holders, and if you are liberal we may be able to do business with you. If you entertain any such ideas, please insert a personal in 'The New York Herald.' Address to XXX., and sign 'Rufus,' to which due attention will be paid. To satisfy you that we hold papers, we send you a couple of pieces."

[No signature.]

No attention had been paid to this letter, although two certificates of stock accompanied it which had undoubtedly been in the bank's vault. Three other letters of a similar nature had been received later. To one of these the bank people had sent a guarded reply, which had called forth the following response, dated New York, October 20, 1876:

"GENTLEMEN,—Since you have seen fit to recognize the receipt of our letter, we will now send you our price for the return of the goods. The United States coupon bonds and money taken cannot be returned; but everything else—bonds, letters, and papers, to the smallest document—will be returned for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If these figures suit you, we will make arrangements, according to our promise, and you may have the goods as soon as preliminaries can be arranged for the safe conduct of the business. If you agree to this price, insert in 'The New York Herald' personal column the simple word, 'Agatha.'

"Respectfully, etc.,

"RUFUS."

The special value of these letters was in helping the detectives to decide which one of several gangs of bank robbers then operating in the country was most likely to have committed the crime. Being familiar with the methods of each gang, Robert Pinkerton was able to draw useful inferences from evidence that would otherwise have been insignificant. He knew, for instance, that the notorious gang headed by James Dunlap would be more apt than any other to thus negotiate for the return of all the securities in a lump, since it was Dunlap's invariable rule to insist upon personally controlling the proceeds of his robberies until final disposition was made of them. On the other hand, the gangs headed respectively by the notorious "Jimmy" Hope, "Worcester Sam," and George Bliss might have divided the securities among the members, and then tried to negotiate a compromise on the individual portions.

A SAFE SALESMAN FALLS UNDER SUSPICION.

A fact of much significance to the Pinkertons, was the rather remarkable interest in the case, and apparent familiarity with it, shown by one J. G. Evans, an expert in safes and vaults, and the representative of one of the largest safe manufactories in the country.

The day after the robbery Evans had been at Bristol, Connecticut, in the interest of his firm, who, on receipt of the news, had immediately wired him to proceed to Northampton. His presence in Northampton was regarded as nothing strange, for he had been there several times during the months just preceding the robbery, and once had inspected the lock and dials of the vault of the robbed bank. What did seem a little strange, however, was Evans's evident interest in the negotiations for a compromise. On a dozen different occasions he talked with the president and officers of the bank regarding the robbery, and insinuated quite plainly that he might be in a position to assist them in recovering their lost securities. A few months after the robbery he even went so far as to tell one of the directors that he could name the members of the gang.

This disposition of Evans to put himself forward in the negotiations had all the more significance to Robert Pinkerton from the fact that it had been rumored that a series of daring bank robberies, lately committed in various parts of the country, had owed their success to the participation of an expert in safes and locks, who had been able, through his position of trust, to reveal to the robbers many secrets of weak bank locks, safes, and vaults. Up to this time these rumors had remained indefinite and no one ventured to name the man. It was known, however, that the false expert was a man of high standing in his calling, and generally regarded as above suspicion. It was also known that there was great jealousy in other gangs of bank-robbers because of the amazing success of the gang with whom this man was working, and that overtures even had been made by the leaders of some other gangs to win over to their own gangs this desirable accomplice. Robert Pinkerton had already concluded that the gang so ably assisted was the Dunlap gang; and he was now pretty well persuaded, also, that the Northampton robbery had been committed by the Dunlap gang. There was every reason, therefore, for keeping a sharp eye on the safe expert Evans.

As he studied the case, Mr. Pinkerton recalled a circumstance that had happened in the fall of 1875. On the night of November 4, 1875, the First National Bank of Pittston, Pennsylvania, had been robbed of sixty thousand dollars, and Mr. Pinkerton had gone there to investigate the case. He met a number of safe men, it being a business custom with safe men to flock to the scene of an important bank robbery in order to supply new safes for the ones that have been wrecked. While they were all examining the vault, still littered with *débris* of the explosion, the representative of one of the safe companies picked up a small air-pump used by the robbers, and, looking at it critically, remarked that he would have sworn it belonged to his company, did he not know that was impossible. The air-pump was, he declared, of precisely his company's model, one that had been recently devised for a special purpose. At the time Mr. Pinkerton regarded this as merely a coincidence, but now the memory came to him as a flash of inspiration that the man who had remarked the similarity in the air-pump represented the same company that employed Evans.

In view of all the circumstances, it was decided to put Evans under the closest questioning. He did not deny that he had made unusual efforts to effect the return of the securities, but professed that it was because he was sincerely sorry for the many people who had been ruined through the robbery. And he professed to believe, also, that he had been unjustly treated in the affair, though just how, and by whom, he would not say. To the detective's trained observation it was apparent that he was worried and apprehensive and not at all sure of himself.

EVANS BROUGHT TO CONFESSION.

In November, 1876, George H. Bangs, superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, a man possessed of very remarkable skill in eliciting confessions from suspected persons, had an interview with Evans. He professed to Evans that the detectives had secured evidence that practically cleared up the whole mystery; that they *knew* (whereas they still only surmised) that the robbery had been committed by the Dunlap and Scott gang, and that Evans was a confederate; that for weeks they had been shadowing Scott and Dunlap (which was true), and could arrest them at any mo-

ment; that there was no doubt that the gang had been trying to play Evans false (a very shrewd guess), and would sacrifice him without the slightest compunction; and, finally, that there was open to Evans one of two courses—either to suffer arrest on a charge of bank robbery, with the prospect of twenty years in prison, or save himself, and at the same time earn a substantial money reward, by making a clean confession of his connection with the crime. All this, delivered with an air of completest certainty, was more than Evans could stand up against. He broke down completely, and told all he knew.

THE DUNLAP AND SCOTT GANG.

The story told by Evans is one of the most remarkable in the history of crime. He admitted the correctness of Robert Pinkerton's inference that the Northampton Bank had been robbed by Scott and Dunlap and their associates, and in order to explain his own connection with this formidable gang, he went back to its organization in 1872. The leader of the gang was James Dunlap, *alias* James Barton, who, before he became a bank-robber, had been a brakeman on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad. His inborn criminal instincts led him to frequent the resorts of thieves in Chicago, and thus he met "Johnny" Lamb and a man named Perry, who took a liking to him, and taught him all they knew about breaking safes. Dunlap soon outstripped his masters, developing a genius for robbery and for organization that speedily proved him the most formidable of all the bank-robbers then operating in the country, not even excepting "Jimmy" Hope, the notorious Manhattan Bank robber. He had the long-headedness and stubbornness of his Scotch parents, united with the daring and ingenuity peculiar to Americans. In the fall of 1872 he organized the most dangerous and best equipped gang of bank-robbers that the country had ever known.

Dunlap's right-hand man was Robert C. Scott, *alias* "Hustling Bob," originally a deck-hand on a Mississippi steamboat, and afterwards a hotel thief. Scott was a big, powerful man, with a determination equal to anything. Their associates were what one might expect from these two. Other members of the gang were Thomas Doty, William Conroy, "Eddie" Goody, John Perry, James Greer, a professional burglar, originally from Canada; and the notorious John Leary, *alias* "Red" Leary, of whom more will be said later on. In addition to these, the gang contained several members of less importance, men who acted merely as lookouts, or as go-betweens or messengers.

The first large operation of Dunlap's band occurred in 1872, when they plundered the Falls City Bank in Louisville, Kentucky, of about two hundred thousand dollars, escaping with their booty. This was satisfactory as a beginning, but Dunlap and Scott dreamed of achievements beside which this was insignificant. They began a careful investigation through many States, to learn of banks of weak structure containing large treasure. One of the gang finally found precisely what they were in search of in the Second National Bank of Elmira, New York, which institution, being a government depository, contained, as they learned on good authority, two hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks and six millions in bonds.

A survey of the premises satisfied the gang that, massive though it appeared, with its ponderous iron walls and complicated locks, the vault of this bank was by no means impossible of access. The floor above the bank was occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, one of the Association's rooms being directly over the vault. There was the floor between, and under that four feet of solid masonry, some of the stones in it weighing a ton. And under the masonry was a layer of railroad iron, resting on a plate of hardened steel an inch and a half thick. All this, however, so far from discouraging the conspirators, gave them greater confidence in the success of their plan, once under way, since the very security of the vault, by structure, from overhead attack, lessened the strictness of the surveillance. Indeed, the most serious difficulty, in the estimation of the robbers, was to gain easy and unsuspected admission to the quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the second floor. The secretary, a very prudent man, had put upon the outside door of the Association rooms an improved Yale lock, which was then new upon the market, and offered unusual obstacles to the lock-picker. Neither Dunlap, Scott, nor any of their associates had skill enough to open this lock without breaking it, which would, of course, have been fatal to their plan. For days, therefore, after all the other details of the robbery had been arranged, the whole scheme seemed to be blocked by a troublesome lock on an ordinary wooden door.

So serious a matter did this finally become that Scott and Dunlap went to the length of breaking into the secretary's house at night, and searching his pockets, in the hope of finding the keys and getting an impression of them. But here, again, the secretary had taken precautions that defeated their purpose, for he had hidden the keys under a carpet, where the robbers never thought of looking for them. Disappointed in their search, they went away, making no attempt to carry off anything, a bit of forbearance which caused the excellent secretary much wonder the next morning, when he found that nothing was missing, although there were plain traces of intruders.

The Yale lock still continuing an insoluble difficulty, Perry finally made a journey to New York, in the hope of finding some device by which to open it. There, in the course of his search, and in a curious way, he made the acquaintance of Evans, then a salesman in the employ of a prominent safe company.

Before entering the employ of the safe manufacturers, Evans had conducted an extensive mercantile business for himself in a large Eastern city, where he was regarded as a man of wealth and integrity. He had large dealings through the South, with extensive credits; but the outbreak of the war had forced him into bankruptcy. It was hinted that there was some overshrewd practice connected with his failure, and his subsequent sudden departure for Canada gave color to the insinuation. At any rate, he compromised with his creditors on a basis advantageous to himself.

EVANS LISTENS TO THE TEMPTER.

On his return from Canada, Evans took up his residence in New York City, and began to cultivate tastes far beyond his income, notably the taste for fast horses. Perry heard of Evans through one Ryan, whom he had known as a "crook" years before, but who was then running a livery stable in an up-town street. As a matter of fact, this livery stable was merely a blind for the sale of unsound horses "doctored up" to deceive unsuspecting buyers. But of this Evans knew nothing, and, in good faith, had stabled one of his own horses with Ryan. This had led to an intimacy between him and Ryan, and now, at Perry's suggestion, Ryan encouraged Evans in his disposition to live beyond his means.

Before long, Evans found himself much cramped financially. Being unable to pay Ryan the money he owed him for stabling, he began to talk of selling his horse; and one day, when he was complaining of being short of money, Ryan said, "If I had your position I'd never lack for money."

Evans asked him what he meant.

"Oh," said Ryan, "there are plenty of people who would 'put up' well to know some of the things you know about safes and banks."

By degrees Ryan made his meaning more clear, and Evans grew properly indignant. The subject was dropped for the moment, but, in subsequent meetings, Ryan kept reverting to it. Meantime Evans found himself growing more and more embarrassed, and one day he said, "What is it these people want to know?"

"Well," said Ryan, "they would like to know, for one thing, if there is any way of beating these new Yale locks?"

"You can't pick a Yale lock," answered Evans, "that would take too long; but there is a way of getting one open."

"How?"

"We'll talk that over some day."

Having once nibbled, Evans was not long in biting at the bait thus adroitly held before him. He consented to be introduced to Perry, who shrewdly showed him what an easy matter it would be for a man who knew the secrets of safe-makers, and could locate weak banks, to make a great deal of money, without danger to himself.

"Why," said Perry, "you can make more in one night with us, without any one's suspecting it, than you can make in a year working for these safe people."

The result was that Evans, in consideration of fifty thousand dollars, finally agreed to provide some means of opening the Yale lock which barred the robbers from the coveted treasure at Elmira.

DARING OPERATIONS OF SCOTT AND DUNLAP AT ELMIRA.

Perry, in great delight, hurried back to Elmira and reported his success to Dunlap and Scott. In order to bring Evans to Elmira in a way not to excite suspicion, a letter was written to the company he served, containing a tempting proposition regarding the purchase of safes. Evans was at once sent to Elmira to look after the matter. He stopped at the Rathbone House, where he was waited upon by Scott, with whom he concerted a plan of opera-

tions. Scott was to slip a thin piece of wood into the lock at night so that the lock would not work. Then, as Evans's presence in the city had been made known, it was hoped that he would be called upon as an expert in difficult locks to find out what was the matter. This would give him an opportunity to secure an impression of the key. The plan worked only too perfectly; and within twenty-four hours the conspirators were able to pass in and out of the Young Men's Christian Association rooms as they pleased, without the knowledge of any one.

It now remained, in order to achieve the robbery, to dig down into the vault—an immense task, for which the constant presence in Elmira of the whole gang was necessary. It was also necessary that their presence should not be noticed, and to that end a woman from Baltimore, who had been associated with one of the gang in previous undertakings, came on to Elmira and took a house in the suburbs, giving out that she was the wife of a man whose business kept him travelling most of the time. The house was simply furnished, and every day, for the benefit of the neighbors, the woman made a great pretence of sweeping the steps, cleaning the windows, and busying herself about the yard in various ways. Meantime, inside the house, in careful concealment, the members of the gang were living—Scott, Dunlap, "Red" Leary, Conroy, and Perry. They never went out in the day time, and they left the place at night so cautiously, going one at a time, that, although they lived here for six weeks, their presence was never suspected.

Every night they gathered in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association after the young men had gone home, using their false keys to obtain admission, and they remained there hours at a time, doing what would ordinarily be the noisiest work; but their movements were so cautious and well-planned that their presence in the building was never suspected. Every night the carpet and flooring were taken up, and, after they had finished their excavations, were carefully re-laid. Tons and tons of masonry and heavy stone were removed, shovelled into baskets, and carried up to the roof of the opera house, adjoining the bank building, where there was small chance of the *débris* being discovered. Thus the unwearying rascals worked downward through the layer of railroad iron, and at last found themselves separated from the inside of the vault by only the plate of steel. Success seemed within their very grasp, when an unforeseen accident spoiled everything.

One day the president of the bank, Mr. Pratt, was surprised, on entering the vault, to find the floor sprinkled with a fine white dust. An investigation was made, and the whole plot was uncovered. The members of the gang, however, got word in time, and all managed to escape, except Perry, who was convicted of attempted burglary, and sent to the Auburn Prison for five years.

A GREAT ROBBERY ACHIEVED BY EVANS'S AID.

Undisturbed by the failure, Scott and Dunlap proceeded to scour the country again in search of another bank suited to their operations, and in February, 1874, notified the gang, which now contained some new members, that they had "found something to go to work at" in Quincy, Illinois. The attack on the Quincy bank was made in very much the same way as the attack on the bank at Elmira. The Baltimore woman again rented a house which afforded shelter and concealment to the men; access was obtained to rooms over the vault by false keys, as before; the flooring was taken up and put down every night without exciting suspicion; the masonry was removed, the iron plates of the vault were penetrated, and, finally, one night Scott and Dunlap were able to lower themselves through a jagged hole into the money-room beneath.

It now remained to force open the safes inside the vault, and to accomplish this the robbers used, for the first time in the history of safe-wrecking in America, what is known as the air-pump method, which had been devised by Evans, and carefully explained by him to Scott and Dunlap. Evans's employers were at this time introducing a padding designed to make safes more secure; and Evans had hit upon the idea of introducing powder into the seams of a safe-door by an air-pump, in the presence of a possible customer, in order to impress him with his need of the new padding. Evans himself was not present at the breaking open of the Elmira bank, and he had nothing to do with the robbery beyond furnishing instruction and the air-pump. Scott and Dunlap did the work.

As a first step, all the seams of the safes formed by the doors were carefully puttied up, save two small holes, one at the top and one at the bottom. Then, at the upper hole, Scott held a funnel filled with fine

powder, while Dunlap applied the air-pump at the hole below. By the draught thus created, the powder was drawn into all the interstices between the heavy doors and the frames of the safes. Then a little pistol, loaded simply with powder, was attached near the upper hole, and, by a string tied to the trigger, discharged from a safe distance above. There were several attempts made before a complete explosion was effected; but finally the safes were blown open and their contents secured, the robbers making good their escape with one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in money, and about seven hundred thousand dollars in bonds. No part of this money was ever recovered by the bank, nor were any of the gang captured at this time. The securities were, however, afterwards sold back to the bank. Indeed, so cleverly had the whole affair been managed that no suspicion fell upon either Scott, Dunlap, or any of their associates.

Here were fortunes made easily enough, with plenty more to be made in the same way, and the gang were in high feather over their success. During the summer of 1874 Scott and Dunlap lived in princely style in New York. They attracted much attention at Coney Island during the season, where they drove fast horses. No one suspected that they were the leaders of the most desperate gang of bank-robbers ever organized in this or any country.

OTHER OPERATIONS OF THE DUNLAP-SCOTT GANG.

By fall their money began to run short, and they decided to look about for another job. In the Quincy robbery they had broken their agreement with Evans, paying him only a small sum for the use of the air-pump which he had furnished them. Now, however, they called upon him again, and, partly by threats, partly by generous offers, induced him to assist them again. A series of unsuccessful attempts at robbery were made on banks in Saratoga; Nantucket; Covington, Kentucky; and Rockville, Connecticut. In several instances failure came at the very time when success seemed sure. In the case of the Covington bank, for instance, nitro-glycerine was used in blowing open the safe, and the explosion was so violent that the men became frightened, and fled in a panic, leaving behind untouched, although exposed to view, two hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks and one million five hundred thousand dollars in negotiable bonds. In the case of the Rockville bank their plans had worked out perfectly, and they had removed everything from the top of the vault but a thin layer of brick, when Scott accidentally forced the jimmy with which he was working through the roof of the vault, and let it fall inside. As it was too late to complete the work that night, and as the presence of the jimmy inside the vault would inevitably start an alarm the next day, they were obliged to abandon the attempt entirely.

The gang's most desperate adventure befell in connection with the attempt on the First National Bank of Pittston, Pennsylvania. This was made late in the fall of 1875. The bank occupied a one-story building covered with a tin roof, and the robbers decided to make the attack from the roof. But there was a serious difficulty in the fact that in case of rain coming any time after they had begun operations, water might soak through the openings they had made and betray them. Dunlap's ingenuity, however, was equal to this emergency; and each night, after finishing their excavation, they carefully relaid the sheets of tin that had been disturbed, protecting the joints with red putty which matched the roof in color. So well did they put on this putty, that, although it rained heavily the very day after they began, not a drop leaked through.

On the night of November 4th, only one layer of bricks separated them from the top of the vault, and it was decided to finish the work and do the robbery that night. Two hours' hard labor with "drag" and "jackscrew" sufficed to effect an opening, and Scott and Dunlap were lowered into the vault. They found three Marvin spherical safes protected by a burglar-alarm. But Dunlap was somewhat of an electrical expert, and was able to so surround the burglar-alarm with heavy boards as to render it of little or no danger. They experienced much difficulty, though, in blowing open the safes. The first one attempted, yielded on the second explosion, and they secured five hundred dollars in currency and sixty thousand dollars in bonds. The next one was far more troublesome, not less than ten explosions being required to make way into it. And just as the task was at last accomplished, and they were on the point of seizing a great sum of money, there came a warning call from Conroy, who was doing sentry duty on the roof, and it was necessary to fly.

When Dunlap and Scott had been dragged out of the vault by their associates,

they were found scarcely able to run. During all the twelve explosions of powder and dynamite they had never left the vault, but, crouching behind the boards that guarded the burglar-alarm, had remained within arm's length of explosions so violent that they tore apart plates of welded steel, and shook the whole building. Worse than the shock of these explosions were the noxious gases generated by them, which Scott and Dunlap had to breathe. On coming out, their clothes were wringing wet with perspiration, and they were so weak that their legs tottered under them, and their comrades had to almost carry them for a time. But, nevertheless, they managed to walk thirty miles that night, to Leigh, where they boarded a train to New York.

It was on this occasion that there was left behind in the vault the air-pump which Robert Pinkerton afterwards recalled so shrewdly to Evans's disadvantage.

EVANS'S QUARREL WITH HIS ACCOMPLICES.

Coming, in his confession, to the Northampton Bank robbery, Evans said that the gang had considered making an attempt there for several months before the robbery was actually executed. For a time they had designed to rob the First National Bank, where Evans had been employed to put in new doors, but this scheme they afterwards abandoned. Enjoying the fullest confidence of the Northampton Bank officers, Evans had made repeated visits to the bank, and gained important information for his associates. It was through his influence that the bank directors decided to give the whole combination of the vault to cashier Whittelsey, who had previously been entrusted with only half of it, the remainder being given to one of the clerks.

On the night of the robbery Evans was in New York, but he had gone to Northampton a day or two after, as already stated. Then, for the first time, he realized what immense wrong and suffering would be inflicted upon innocent people by the robbers, and he said it was this that had prompted him in his efforts to have the securities restored to the owners.

Returning to New York, he at once communicated with Scott and Dunlap by means of "Herald" personals, and had several interviews with them in the city during the month of February. While they were anxious to dispose of the securities, it was plain from the first that they distrusted Evans, and proposed to lessen his share of the profits. While pretending to approve the steps he was taking for a compromise with the bank, they were really, without his knowledge, carrying on secret negotiations with the same object. The suspicion on either side grew until finally it could no longer be concealed. Meeting Scott in Prospect Park some time after the robbery, Evans said, "When are you going to settle and give me my share?"

"You'll never get a cent," answered Scott; "you've given the whole gang away."

For some time they did not meet again. Evans continued his vain efforts for a settlement, growing more and more anxious as the months went by and he saw the danger to himself become more threatening. On the 9th of November he met Scott, Dunlap, and "Red" Leary on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and a violent quarrel occurred about the division of the spoil. Reproaches and threats were exchanged with stormy language, and at one time Evans's life was actually in danger.

It was soon after this interview that Evans decided, under the management of Superintendent Bangs, to save himself by making a full confession. He had fewer scruples about betraying his associates, because he had become convinced that in the previous robberies, notably in the one at Quincy, Illinois, he had been treated most unfairly by Scott and Dunlap.

WHERE THE BOOTY WAS HIDDEN.

Evans said that for several weeks preceding the Northampton robbery the gang had concealed themselves in the attic of a schoolhouse which stood four or five rods from the highway, and apart from other houses. His statement was substantiated by the discovery in this attic, after the robbery, of blankets, satchels, ropes, bits, pulleys, and provisions, including a bottle of whiskey bearing the label of a New York firm.

After the vault had been rifled, the money and securities were placed in a bag and a pillow-case, and carried to the schoolhouse, where they were stowed away in places of concealment that had been previously prepared. One of these was underneath the platform where the teacher's desk stood. Another was a recess made behind a blackboard, which was taken off for the purpose, and then screwed carefully in place. For nearly two weeks this treasure, amounting to over a million dollars, lay

unsuspected in the schoolhouse, the teacher walking over a part of it, the children working out their sums on the blackboard which concealed another part. It was left there so long because the robbers were unable to return for it, owing to the strict watch for strangers that was kept at the railway station and along all the roads. Finally, Scott bought a team of horses for nine hundred dollars, and, with Jim Brady, drove over to Northampton from Springfield. After securing the booty, they had serious trouble in getting away. Brady fell into the mill-race, which they were crossing on the ice, and this accident necessitated their camping out all night in a cabin in the woods.

After hearing Evans's story, the question foremost in Mr. Pinkerton's mind was where the stolen securities had been concealed. From what Evans said, and from what he knew himself about the methods of the gang, he was satisfied that Dunlap possessed this secret, and would intrust it to no one unless absolutely compelled to do so. The likeliest way of compelling him was to put him under arrest, which might very well be done now that Evans had consented to turn State's evidence. For weeks Pinkerton "shadows" had never been off Scott and Dunlap, who spent most their time in New York, the former living with his wife at a fashionable boarding-house in Washington Square.

Instructions were accordingly given to the "shadows" to close in upon them, and on February 14, 1877, both men were arrested in Philadelphia, as they were on the point of taking a train for the South.

Despite the large sum of securities in their possession, the men had run short of ready money, and, while awaiting a compromise, were starting out to commit another robbery. They were taken to Northampton and committed to jail to await trial.

It happened as Mr. Pinkerton foresaw. Brought into confinement, Dunlap and Scott were compelled, in the conduct of their affairs, to reveal the hiding-place of the booty to some other member of the gang. They chose for their confidant "Red" Leary. The securities, as subsequently transpired, were at this time buried in a cellar on Sixth Avenue, near Thirty-third Street, New York. The precise spot was indicated to Leary by Mrs. Scott, who, in doing so, reminded Leary of an agreement entered into by the members of the gang before the robbery, that any one of their number who might get into trouble could, if he saw a necessity, call upon his confederates to dispose of all the securities on whatever terms were possible, and use the proceeds in getting him and others—if others were in trouble also—free. At the time Leary scoffed at this agreement, but was perfectly willing, even eager, to have it enforced a little later, when, by the orders of Inspector Byrnes, he was himself arrested on the charge of complicity in the memorable Manhattan Bank robbery, which had occurred some time before. Having failed in a purpose of "shadowing" Leary to the place where the securities were hidden, Robert Pinkerton decided that the best move to make next would be to arrest Leary for complicity in the Northampton robbery. Steps were taken to have requisition papers prepared, and it was pending the arrival of these that Leary was held on the other charge, for it was not thought that he had really taken part in the Manhattan Bank robbery.

"RED" LEARY'S CHARACTER AND CAREER.

The criminal annals of the United States contain no more thrilling chapter than that of the adventures of "Red" Leary. He was a typical desperado in appearance, with his shock of red hair, and his bristling red moustache, and his ugly, heavy-jawed face, while his huge neck and shoulders, his big head, and powerful hairy hands impressed one with his enormous physical strength. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and his "pals" used to point with pride to the fact that he wore a bigger hat than any statesman in America—eight and a quarter. Long before John L. Sullivan had been heard of, "Red" Leary was known throughout the country as the "big fellow," and, on witnessing the historic fight between Sullivan and "Paddy" Ryan, he had remarked that if his eyes were "right" he could thrash both of them in half an hour. The trouble with his eyes came of a safe robbery wherein Leary had stood too near the safe when the explosion was made, and had had his eyelashes burned off and his eyes nearly blown out of his head.

While much of Leary's life had been spent in deeds of violence, he had shown on occasions such splendid bravery, and even heroism, as almost atoned for his crimes. There are few soldiers who would not be proud of Leary's record on the battle-field. He was among the first to respond to his country's call in our own Civil War, being a volunteer in the First Kentucky Regiment under Colonel Guthrie,

and he was a good soldier from the time of his enlistment up to the moment of his honorable discharge.

Leary possessed far more intelligence than most men of his class, being well versed in European history, and having a good knowledge of French, German, Spanish, and Italian. There was also a certain refinement about the fellow, one of his good points being that he would never allow any profane or unclean talk in the presence of women. He was generous and hospitable to a fault. Many a New York politician and sporting man has been entertained at "Red" Leary's house at Fort Hamilton, and the guest was always perfectly sure that, though he went to bed in a very helpless condition, whatever money or valuables he might have with him would be as safe there as in the strongest vault. And no matter how hard Leary's luck might be, or how low his exchequer, the friends who stayed under his roof were sure of a good breakfast prepared by the hand of his faithful wife Kate.

Leary was also a man of great wit and repartee, and his comic stories and sayings are repeated by his acquaintances and those who had met him. One of his great redeeming qualities was always wanting to see fair play in any fight he witnessed, whether in a bar-room or ring. He was known, in his time, as the best man in a bar-room or rough-and-tumble fight in America. This was admitted by John Morrissey and all the best judges of his day.

His generous qualities had won for Leary, among his own class, a large and most loyal following; and when it was learned that he was under arrest, his friends burned with sympathy and indignation. The word was passed about among them to gather at the Jefferson Market police court on the day set for his hearing, ready, if need be, to take the law into their own hands.

AN ATTEMPT TO RESCUE LEARY.

So it came to pass that the Jefferson Market police court was crowded, on the afternoon of December 17, 1878, with such a gathering of well-known criminals as seldom sit in voluntary audience before a judge. They listened with eager interest when Inspector Byrnes stated that, in spite of every effort made by himself and his men, it had been impossible to secure evidence implicating in the Manhattan Bank robbery the two prisoners, John *alias* "Red" Leary, and John *alias* "Butch" McCarthy. Having received this statement, Judge Morgan, the presiding magistrate, said, "John Leary, John McCarthy, you are discharged."

At this a buzz of satisfaction ran through the court-room, but it was short-lived. As the discharged prisoners started down the aisle, two men stepped forward and blocked the passage. "Butch" McCarthy was allowed to go by, but Deputy-Sheriff Hasson and Robert Pinkerton laid hands on Leary, at the same time presenting papers for his arrest as one of the Northampton Bank robbers.

"Who serves this requisition?" asked Counsellor Peter Mitchell, speaking for the prisoner.

"I do," said Hasson.

"Then you are responsible for this man's body?"

"I am."

At this the prisoner's counsel drew from his pocket a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Daniels, and returnable the following morning. Having served this in the ordinary way, he turned to the prisoner and said, "Now, John Leary, just go quietly with this deputy sheriff to the Ludlow Street jail, and I will meet you there in a little while."

A CONFLICT BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MOB.

The prisoner was at once taken by Pinkerton and the sheriff to a private room at the back, from which a private entrance through the jail led out into Tenth Street. A carriage was waiting at the door. No sooner was this movement made than the whole gathering of Leary's friends hurried from the court-room and formed outside in three groups, one in front of the private entrance, and the other two on the two corners of Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue. Inspector Byrnes, looking through a window, recognized in the crowd a score of men capable of any act of violence. He noted that their coats were buttoned tight, with collars turned up, and that they had scowling, resolute looks on their faces. He saw a light brougham waiting at the corner of Tenth Street and Sixth Avenue, with a strong horse in the traces, and a sinister looking fellow on the driver's seat. In spite of some attempt at disguise, the experienced officer recognized him as "Mike" Ryan, a desperado who had lately finished a five years' term at Sing Sing.

Opening the private door, Robert Pinkerton went down the steps, looked along the street, and then went back, closing the door behind him. At his appearance there was a sudden movement in the groups

waiting outside, but they grew quiet again when he withdrew. A moment later a man wearing an overcoat trimmed with astrakan came running up and joined the group at the jail door. He seemed to whisper some order from one to another. A short wait followed, and then the door opened once more and Mr. Pinkerton came out with both hands in his overcoat pockets. He pushed his way through the crowd to the carriage and opened the door. The eyes of the crowd meantime were fastened on the private entrance.

"Here he comes," cried several voices, as Sergeant Suttee of Inspector Dilks's staff appeared, followed by Leary, whose arm was grasped by Deputy-Sheriff Hasson. Instantly the man in the astrakan coat and "Jimmy" Burns, a notorious criminal, dashed up the steps past Suttee, and threw themselves violently upon Hasson. Leary's hands were not manacled, and Burns tried to force himself between Hasson and the prisoner; but the former made good resistance, and held Leary in a desperate embrace. A fierce struggle followed, a dozen men from the crowd rushing up the steps and, with blows, crying out, "Let that man go."

Pinkerton and Suttee sprang to the rescue, the sergeant seizing Burns by the collar, while Pinkerton, forcing his way through the crowd back to the steps, hurled men off to the right and left. Reaching the top of the steps, he turned on the crowd, and drawing his revolver, said, "I'll shoot the first man that comes this way." And he pointed the pistol straight at the man in the astrakan coat. The crowd fell back in confusion, and Leary was quickly dragged back inside the door. Then his friends made a final rush; but Mr. Pinkerton stood in the doorway, ready to fire. "Hold hard; not another step," he called out, and his warning was heeded.

The carriage was now driven round into the court-yard, and the prisoner placed inside, guarded by Robert Pinkerton and Inspector Dilks; while an officer was put on the seat beside the driver, and a squad of officers mounted into two other carriages. Then the gates were opened, and the three carriages dashed out on Tenth Street and started at a full gallop for Ludlow Street jail, which they reached safely.

LEARY'S FRIENDS MAKE ANOTHER EFFORT IN HIS BEHALF.

But Leary's friends, although baffled in this attempt to rescue him, were not discouraged. The ablest lawyers were secured in his defence, and by every possible method of legal obstruction they kept alive a controversy in the New York courts over the extradition until the early days of May, 1879. Meanwhile Leary reposed in Ludlow Street jail, where he enjoyed all the privileges ever accorded to prisoners. In return he paid the warden the substantial sum of thirty dollars a week; and it was evident that, whether he had or had not been concerned in the Northampton robbery, he had in some way obtained abundant money. He was visited constantly by his wife.

On the afternoon of May 7th, Mrs. Leary called at about five o'clock with "Butch" McCarthy, and the three were alone in Leary's room until nearly eight o'clock. After that Leary strolled about in the prison enclosure, and at about a quarter past ten keeper Wendell, who had charge of the first tier, in which Leary's room was located, saw him going up-stairs from the second to the third tier. Although in this Leary was going directly away from his own room, there was nothing to excite surprise, for Leary had been accustomed to use the bathroom on the third tier. A quarter of an hour later Wendell started on his rounds, according to the prison rule, to see that each one of the men in his tier was securely locked up for the night. When he came to Leary's room he was a little surprised to find him still absent, but supposed he would be there shortly. But after waiting a few minutes and finding Leary still absent, the keeper became alarmed and began a search. He first went to the bathroom, and not finding Leary there, searched in other places, high and low. Then he returned to the bathroom, and there made a discovery which filled him with consternation. He saw in the brick wall, what at first had escaped his attention, a gaping hole, large enough to allow the passage of a man's body. The hole opened into a tunnel that seemed to lead downward. The alarm was at once given, and it soon appeared that the keeper's fears were only too well founded. "Red" Leary had escaped.

It was found that the tunnel from the bathroom led into a room on the fifth floor of a tenement house at No. 76 Ludlow Street, adjoining the jail. The wall of the house added to the wall of the jail made a thickness of four feet and a half of solid masonry, which had been cut through. In the three rooms that had

been rented in the house by Leary's friends were found abundant evidences of the work. One of the closets contained nearly a wagon-load of bricks, neatly stored, which had been removed from the wall. There was found, also, a kit of the finest burglar tools ever used by New York "cracksmen." Among these tools were a "jimmy" two and a half feet long, made of the finest cast-steel, and offering tremendous leverage; and a still larger one, made in two pieces, each wrought in octagonal cast steel, with wedge-like ends, and fitting into joints of brazed gas-pipe—a tool four or five feet long, of great weight and strength, and capable of breaking down the heaviest brick or stone work. There were also a dozen steel probes of various lengths from eight up to twenty-eight inches, beautifully tempered at the ends, and mortar picks of cast steel, chisels, and iron-bound mallets.

For weeks Leary had been kept advised of the progress of the work by his wife in her frequent visits. During the last two or three days before the work was finished, the shell of bricks left in the wall was so thin that signals could easily be passed from one side to the other.

When everything was in readiness the final signals were given, and Leary had but to give a strong heave with his massive shoulders to drive the outer bricks into the tunnel and show the way of escape clear before him. As a precaution against noise the confederates had spread pillows in the tunnel, so that the bricks fell upon them and the sound was deadened. The size of the hole on Leary's side was five rows of bricks in height, with a width equal to the length of four bricks. The care with which the gang had worked was further indicated by several ingenious devices to prevent the sound of their operations from being heard. The end of the long jimmy was plastered round with putty; and the heads of the mallets used were wrapped in feathers and sacking.

John Leary fled to Europe, but was afterwards arrested in Brooklyn by Robert Pinkerton and three of his men, who "held him up" in a sleigh at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn; and before Leary could make use of a large-sized revolver which he had on his person, the horse was grabbed by the head and pulled to a standstill, and Leary was dragged out of the sleigh and handcuffed. He was taken immediately to Northampton, and put in jail there.

Some time previous to this the Pinkertons had located Conroy, who had also escaped from Ludlow Street jail, in Philadelphia; and immediately on the arrest of Leary, Robert Pinkerton sent one of his detectives from New York to Philadelphia, who was fortunate enough to arrest Conroy at one of his resorts on the same night, and he was also delivered in jail at Northampton.

Some months previous to this the Pinkertons had also arrested Thomas Doty, another member of the band, and lodged him in the Northampton jail.

In the meantime, Scott and Dunlap, now in State prison, had made a confession as against Leary, the holder of the securities; and when Leary was brought to Northampton, they wrote him a letter, notifying him that unless the securities were handed over to their proper owners, they would take the witness stand against him and convict him, but that if he did turn over the necessary securities they would refuse to take the stand. This resulted in the recovery by the Northampton Bank of nearly all the securities stolen from the bank and its depositors, this not including, however, the government bonds and currency stolen at the time. Some of these securities had depreciated in value upwards of one hundred thousand dollars since they were stolen. The amount of the securities recovered represented seven hundred thousand dollars; they had been in the hands of the thieves upwards of two years.

After the securities were returned, Scott and Dunlap refusing to take the stand against Leary and Doty, the authorities were eventually obliged to release them, as Evans had also refused to take the stand against them. Conroy, who had simply been a "go-between," and not an actual participant in the robbery, was released at the same time by order of the court.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE NORTHAMPTON CASE.

The trial of Scott and Dunlap took place at Northampton in July, 1877, a year and a half after the robbery. Evans took the stand against them, his evidence making the case of the prosecution overwhelmingly strong. After three hours' deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," and the prisoners were sentenced to twenty years each in the State prison. Scott died in prison, and Dunlap, having been pardoned several years ago, is now

living in a Western city, a reformed man, and is earning an honest living. As far as is known, since leaving the penitentiary he has never returned to his evil ways. Conroy also has taken to new ways, is honest, and is generally respected by all who know him.

Red Leary came to his death seven years ago in a curious way. One night in April, 1888, he had been drinking with some friends at the "Knickerbocker Cottage," a well-known sporting resort in New York, on Sixth Avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets. In the party was "Billy" Train, an old bunco man. They were all somewhat intoxicated and inclined to be uproarious. As they came out on the street, "Billy" Train picked up a brick and threw it up in the air, yelling: "Look out for your heads, boys." To this warning Leary paid no attention, and the brick came down on his head with full force, fracturing his skull. He was taken to the New York Hospital and died there, after much suffering, on April 23d.

As for the safe expert, Evans, he is engaged in legitimate business, and is prospering. In compiling this article from the records, the writer has, by request, changed some of the names of the parties, who since that time have reformed and are now respected members in the community where they reside, and the author has no desire to injure them.

FARMING THE TAXES.

THE ADVENTURE OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.—A STORY.

By Stanley J. Weyman,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

IN the summer of the year 1608, determining to take up my abode, when not in Paris, at Villebon, where I had lately enlarged my property, I went thither from Rouen with my wife, to superintend the building and mark out certain plantations which I projected. As the heat that month was great, and the dust of the train annoying, I made each stage in the evening and on horseback, leaving my wife to proceed at her leisure. In this way I was able, by taking rough paths, to do in two or three hours a distance which her coaches had scarcely covered in the day; but on the third evening, intending to make a short cut by a ford on the Vaucouleurs, I found, to my chagrin, the advantage on the other side, the ford, when I reached it at sunset, proving impracticable. As there was every prospect, however, that the water would fall within a few hours, I determined not to retrace my steps; but to wait where I was until morning, and complete my journey to Houdan in the early hours.

There was a poor inn near the ford, a mere hovel of wood on a brick foundation, yet with two stories. I made my way to this with Maignan and La Trape, who formed, with two grooms, my only attendance; but on coming near the house, and looking about with a curious eye, I remarked something which fixed my attention, and, for the moment, brought me to a halt. This was the spectacle of three horses, of fair quality, feeding in a field of growing corn, which was the only enclosure near the inn. They were trampling and spoiling more than they ate; and, supposing that they had strayed into the place, and the house showing no signs of life, I bade my grooms fetch them out. The sun was about setting, and I stood a moment watching the long shadows of the men as they plodded through the corn, and the attitudes of the horses as, with heads raised, they looked doubtfully at the newcomers.

Suddenly a man came round the corner of the house, and seeing us, and what my men were doing, began to gesticulate violently, but without sound. The grooms saw him too, and stood; and he ran up to my stirrup, his face flushed and sullen.

"Do you want to see us all ruined?" he muttered. And he begged me to call my men out of the corn.

"You are more likely to be ruined that way," I answered, looking down at him. "Why, man, is it the custom in your country to turn horses into the half-ripe corn?"

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He shook his fist stealthily. "God forbid!" he said. "But the devil is within doors, and we must do his bidding."

"Ah!" I replied, my curiosity aroused. "I should like to see him."

The boor shaded his eyes, and looked at me sulkily from under his matted and tangled hair. "You are not of his company?" he said with suspicion.

"I hope not," I answered, smiling at his simplicity. "But your corn is your own. I will call the men out." On which I made a sign to them to return. "Now," I said, as I walked my horse slowly towards the house, while he tramped along beside me, "who is within?"

"Monsieur Gringuet," he said, with another stealthy gesture.

"Ah!" I said, "I am afraid that I am no wiser."

"The tax-gatherer."

"Oh! and those are his horses?"

He nodded.

"Still, I do not see why they are in the corn?"

"I have no hay."

"But there is grass."

"Ay," the inn-keeper answered bitterly, "and he said that I might eat it. It was not good enough for his horses. They must have hay or corn; and if I had none, so much the worse for me."

Full of indignation, I made in my mind a note of Monsieur Gringuet's name; but at the moment I said no more, and we proceeded to the house, the exterior of which, though meagre, and even miserable, gave me an impression of neatness. From the inside, however, a hoarse, continuous noise was issuing, which resolved itself, as we crossed the threshold, into a man's voice. The speaker was out of sight, in an upper room, to which a ladder gave access, but his oaths, complaints, and imprecations almost shook the house. A middle-aged woman, scantily dressed, was busy on the hearth; but perhaps that which, next to the perpetual scolding that was going on above, most took my attention, was a great lump of salt that stood on the table at the woman's elbow, and seemed to be evidence of greater luxury—for the *gabelle* had not at that time been reduced—than I could associate with the place.

The roaring and blustering continuing upstairs, I stood a moment in sheer astonishment. "Is that Monsieur Gringuet?" I said at last.

The inn-keeper nodded sullenly, while his wife stared at me. "What is the matter with him?" I said.

"The gout. But for that he would have been gone these two days to collect at Le Mesnil."

"Ah!" I answered, beginning to understand, "and the salt is for a bath for his feet, is it?"

The woman nodded.

"Well," I said, as Maignan came in with my saddlebags and laid them on the floor, "he will swear still louder when he gets the bill, I should think."

"Bill?" the housewife answered bitterly, looking up again from her pots. "A tax-gatherer's bill? Go to the dead man and ask for the price of his coffin; or to the babe for a nurse-fee! You will get paid as soon. A tax-gatherer's bill? Be thankful if he does not take the dish with the sop!"

She spoke plainly; yet I found a clearer proof of the slavery in which the man held them in the perfect indifference with which they regarded my arrival—though a guest with two servants must have been a rarity in such a place—and the listless way in which they set about attending to my wants. Keenly remembering that not long before this my enemies had striven to prejudice me in the king's eyes by alleging that, though I filled his coffers, I was grinding the poor into the dust—and even, by my exactions, provoking a rebellion—I was in no mood to look with an indulgent eye on those who furnished such calumnies with a show of reason. But it has never been my wont to act hastily; and while I stood in the middle of the kitchen, debating whether I should order the servants to fling the fellow out, and bid him appear before me at Villebon instead, or should have him brought up there and then, the man's coarse voice, which had never ceased to growl and snarl above us, rose on a sudden still louder. Something fell on the floor over our heads and rolled across it; and immediately a young girl, barefoot and short-skirted, scrambled hurriedly and blindly down the ladder and landed among us.

She was sobbing, and a little blood was flowing from a cut in her lip; and she trembled all over. At sight of the blood and her tears the woman seemed to be transported. Snatching up a saucepan, she sprang towards the ladder with a gesture of rage, and in a moment would have ascended if her husband had not followed and dragged her back. The girl also, as soon as she could speak, added her entreaties to his, while Maignan and La Trape looked sharply at me, as if they expected a signal.

All this while, the bully above continued his maledictions. "Send that slut back to me!" he roared. "Do you think that I am going to be left alone in this hole? Send her back, or—" and he added half-a-dozen oaths of a kind to make an honest man's blood boil. In the midst of this, however, and while the woman was still contending with her husband, he suddenly stopped and shrieked in anguish, crying out for the salt-bath.

But the woman, whom her husband had only half pacified, shook her fist at the ceiling with a laugh of defiance. "Shriek; ay, you may shriek, you wretch!" she cried. "You must be waited on by my girl, must you—no older face will do for you—and you beat her? Your horses must eat corn, must they, while we eat grass? And we buy salt for you, and wheaten bread for you, and are beggars for you! For you, you thieving wretch, who tax the poor and let the rich go free; who——"

"Silence, woman!" her husband cried, cutting her short, with a pale face. "Hush, hush; he will hear you!"

But the woman was too far gone in rage to obey. "What! and is it not true?" she answered, her eyes glittering. "Will he not to-morrow go to Le Mesnil and squeeze the poor? Ay, and will not Lescauts the corn-dealer, and Philippon the silk-merchant, come to him with bribes, and go free? And de Fonvelle and de Curtin—they with a *de*, forsooth!—plead their nobility, and grease his hands, and go free? Ay, and——"

"Silence, woman!" the man said again, looking apprehensively at me, and from me to my attendants, who were grinning broadly. "You do not know that this gentleman is not——"

"A tax-gatherer?" I said, smiling. "No. But how long has your friend upstairs been here?"

"Two days, monsieur," she answered, wiping the perspiration from her brow, and speaking more quietly. "He is talking of sending on a deputy to Le Mesnil; but Heaven send he may recover, and go from here himself!"

"Well," I answered, "at any rate, we have had enough of this noise. My servant shall go up and tell him that there is a gentleman here who cannot put up with a disturbance. Maignan," I continued, "see the man, and tell him that the inn is not his private house, and that he must groan more softly; but do not mention my name. And let him have his brine bath, or there will be no peace for anyone."

Maignan and La Trape, who knew me, and had counted on a very different order, stared at me, wondering at my easiness and complaisance; for there is a species of tyranny, unassociated with rank, that even the coarsest view with indignation. But the woman's statement, which, despite its wildness and her excitement, I saw no reason to doubt, had suggested to me a scheme of punishment more refined; and which might, at one and the same time, be of profit to the king's treasury and a lesson to Gringuet. To carry it through I had to submit to some inconvenience, and particularly to a night passed under the same roof with the rogue; but as the news that a traveller of consequence was come had the effect, aided by a few sharp words from Maignan, of lowering his tone, and forcing him to keep within bounds, I was able to endure this and overlook the occasional outbursts of spleen which his disease and pampered temper still drew from him.

His two men, who had been absent on an errand at the time of my arrival, presently returned, and were doubtless surprised to find a second company in possession. They tried my attendants with a number of questions, but without success; while I, by listening while I had my supper, learned more of their master's habits and intentions than they supposed. They suspected nothing, and at day-break we left them; and, the water having duly fallen in the night, we crossed the river without mishap, and for a league pursued our proper road. Then I halted, and despatching the two grooms to Houdan with a letter for my wife, I took, myself, the road to Le Mesnil, which lies about three leagues to the west.

At a little inn, a league short of Le Mesnil, I stopped, and instructing my two attendants in the parts they were to play, prepared, with the help of the seals, which never left Maignan's custody, the papers necessary to enable me to enact the *rôle* of Gringuet's deputy. Though I had been two or three times to Villebon, I had never been within two leagues of Le Mesnil, and had no reason to suppose that I should be recognized; but to lessen the probability of this I put on a plain suit belonging to Maignan, with a black-hilted sword, and no ornaments. I furthermore waited to enter the town until evening, so that my presence, being reported, might be taken for granted before I was seen.

In a larger place my scheme must have miscarried; but in this little town on the hill, looking over the plain of vineyards and cornfields, with inn, market-house, and

church in the square, and on the fourth side the open battlements, whence the towers of Chartres could be seen on a clear day, I looked to have to do only with small men, and saw no reason why it should fail.

Accordingly, riding up to the inn about sunset, I called, with an air, for the landlord. There were half-a-dozen loungers seated in a row on a bench before the door, and one of these went in to fetch him. When the host came out, with his apron twisted round his waist, I asked him if he had a room.

"Yes," he said, shading his eyes to look at me, "I have."

"Very well," I answered pompously, considering that I had just such an audience as I desired—by which I mean one that, without being too critical, would spread the news. "I am Monsieur Gringuet's deputy, and I am here with authority to collect and remit, receive and give receipts for, his Majesty's taxes, tolls, and dues, now, or to be, due and owing. Therefore, my friend, I will trouble you to show me to my room."

I thought that this announcement would impress him as much as I desired; but, to my surprise, he only stared at me. "Eh!" he exclaimed at last, in a faltering tone, "Monsieur Gringuet's deputy?"

"Yes," I said, dismounting somewhat impatiently; "he is ill with the gout and cannot come."

"And you—are his deputy?"

"I have said so."

Still he did not move to do my bidding, but continued to rub his bald head and stare at me as if I fascinated him. "Well, I am—I mean—I think we are full," he stammered at last, with his eyes like saucers.

I replied with some impatience that he had just said that he had a room; adding that if I was not in it and comfortably settled before five minutes were up I would know the reason. I thought that this would settle the matter, whatever maggot had got into the man's head; and, in a way, it did so, for he begged my pardon hastily, and made way for me to enter, calling, at the same time, to a lad who was standing by, to attend to the horses. But when we were inside the door, instead of showing me through the kitchen to my room, he muttered something, and hurried away, leaving me to wonder what was amiss with him, and why the loungers outside, who had listened with all their ears to our conversation, had come in after us as far as they dared, and were regarding us with an odd mixture of suspicion and amusement.

The landlord remained long away, and seemed, from sounds that came to my ears, to be talking with some one in a distant room. At length, however, he returned, bearing a candle, and followed by a serving-man. I asked him roughly why he had been so long, and began to rate him; but he took the words out of my mouth by his humility, and going before me through the kitchen—where his wife and two or three maids who were about the fire stopped to look at us, with the basting spoons in their hands—he opened a door which led again into the outer air.

"It is across the yard," he said apologetically, as he went before, and opening a second door, stood aside for us to enter. "But it is a good room, and, if you please, a fire shall be lighted. The shutters are closed," he continued, as we passed him, Maignan and La Trape carrying my baggage, "but they shall be opened. Hallo! Pierre! Pierre, there! Open these shut——"

On the word his voice rose—and broke; and in a moment the door, through which we had all passed unsuspecting, fell to with a crash behind us. Before we could move we heard the bars drop across it. A little before, La Trape had taken a candle from some one's hand to light me the better; and therefore we were not in darkness. But the light this gave only served to impress on us what the falling bars and the rising sound of voices outside had already told us—that we were outwitted! We were prisoners.

The room in which we stood, looking foolishly at one another, was a great barn-like chamber, with small windows high in the unplastered walls. A long board set on trestles, and two or three stools placed round it—on the occasion, perhaps, of some recent festivity—had for a moment deceived us, and played the landlord's game.

In the first shock of the discovery, hearing the bars drop home, we stood gaping, and wondering what it meant. Then Maignan, with an oath, sprang to the door and tried it—fruitlessly.

I joined him more at my leisure, and raising my voice, asked angrily what this folly meant. "Open the door there! Do you hear, landlord?" I cried.

No one moved, though Maignan continued to rattle the door furiously.

"Do you hear?" I repeated, between

anger and amazement at the fix in which we had placed ourselves. "Open!"

But, although the murmur of voices outside the door grew louder, no one answered, and I had time to take in the full absurdity of the position; to measure the height of the windows with my eye, and plumb the dark shadows under the rafters, where the feebler rays of our candle lost themselves; to appreciate, in a word, the extent of our predicament. Maignan was furious, La Trape vicious, while my own equanimity scarcely supported me against the thought that we should probably be where we were until the arrival of my people, whom I had directed my wife to send to Le Mesnil at noon next day. Their coming would free us, indeed, but at the cost of ridicule and laughter. Never was man worse placed.

Wincing at the thought, I bade Maignan be silent; and, drumming on the door myself, I called for the landlord. Some one who had been giving directions in a tone of great consequence ceased speaking, and came close to the door. After listening a moment, he struck it with his hand.

"Silence, rogues!" he cried. "Do you hear? Silence there, unless you want your ears nailed to the post."

"Fool!" I answered. "Open the door instantly! Are you all mad here, that you shut up the king's servants in this way?"

"The king's servants!" he cried, jeering at us. "Where are they?"

"Here!" I answered, swallowing my rage as well as I might. "I am Monsieur Gringuet's deputy, and if you do not this instant——"

"Monsieur Gringuet's deputy! Ho! ho!" he said. "Why, you fool, Monsieur Gringuet's deputy arrived two hours before you. You must get up a little earlier another time. They are poor tricksters who are too late for the fair. And now be silent, and it may save you a stripe or two to-morrow."

There are situations in which even the greatest find it hard to maintain their dignity, and this was one. I looked at Maignan and La Trape, and they at me, and by the light of the lanthorn which the latter held I saw that they were smiling, doubtless at the dilemma in which we had innocently placed ourselves. But I found nothing to laugh at in the position, since the people outside might at any moment leave us where we were to fast until morning; and, after a moment's reflection, I called out to know who the speaker on the other side was.

"I am Monsieur de Fonvelle," he answered.

"Well, Monsieur de Fonvelle," I replied, "I advise you to have a care what you do. I am Monsieur Gringuet's deputy. The other man is an impostor."

He laughed.

"He has no papers," I cried.

"Oh, yes, he has!" he answered, mocking me. "Monsieur Curtin has seen them, my fine fellow, and he is not one to pay money without warrant."

At this several laughed, and a quavering voice chimed in with "Oh, yes, he has papers! I have seen them. Still, in a case——"

"There!" Monsieur de Fonvelle cried, drowning the other's words. "Now are you satisfied—you in there?"

But Monsieur Curtin had not done. "He has papers," he piped again in his thin voice. "Still, Monsieur de Fonvelle, it is well to be cautious, and——"

"Tut, tut! it is all right."

"He has papers, but he has no authority!" I shouted.

"He has seals," Fonvelle answered. "It is all right."

"It is all wrong!" I retorted. "Wrong, I say! Go to your man, and you will find him gone—gone with your money, Monsieur Curtin."

Two or three laughed, but I heard the sound of feet hurrying away, and I guessed that Curtin had retired to satisfy himself. Nevertheless, the moment which followed was an anxious one, since, if my random shot missed, I knew that I should find myself in a worse position than before. But judging—from the fact that the deputy had not confronted us himself—that he was an impostor, to whom Gringuet's illness had suggested the scheme on which I had myself hit, I hoped for the best; and, to be sure, in a moment an outcry arose in the house and quickly spread. Of those at the door, some cried to their fellows to hearken, while others hastened off to see. Yet still a little time elapsed, during which I burned with impatience; and then the crowd came trampling back, all wrangling and speaking at once.

At the door the chattering ceased, and, a hand being laid on the bar, in a moment the door was thrown open, and I walked out with what dignity I might. Outside, the scene which met my eyes might have been, under other circumstances, diverting. Before me stood the landlord of the inn, bowing, with a light in each hand, as if the more he bent his backbone the more he must propitiate me; while a fat, middle-aged man at his elbow, whom I took to be

Fonvelle, smiled feebly at me with a chapfallen expression. A little aside, Curtin, a shrivelled old fellow, was wringing his hands over his loss; and behind and round these, peeping over their shoulders and staring under their arms, clustered a curious crowd of busybodies, who, between amusement at the joke and awe of the great men, had much ado to control their merriment.

The host began to mutter apologies, but I cut him short. "I will talk to you to-morrow!" I said, in a voice which made him shake in his shoes. "Now give me supper, lights, and a room—and hurry. For you, Monsieur de Fonvelle, you are an ass! And for the gentleman there, who has filled the rogue's purse, he will do well another time to pay the king his dues!"

With that I left the two—Fonvelle purple with indignation, and Curtin with eyes and mouth agape and tears stayed—and followed my host to his best room, Maignan and La Trape attending me with very grim faces. Here the landlord would have repeated his apologies, but my thoughts beginning to revert to the purpose which had brought me hither, I affected to be offended, that, by keeping all at a distance, I might the more easily preserve my character.

I succeeded so well that, though half the town, through which the news of my adventure had spread, as fire spreads in tinder, were assembled outside the inn until a late hour, no one was admitted to see me; and when I made my appearance next morning in the market-place and took my seat, with my two attendants, at a table by the corn-measures, this reserve had so far impressed the people that the smiles which greeted me scarcely exceeded those which commonly welcome a tax-collector. Some had paid, and, foreseeing the necessity of paying again, found little that was diverting in the jest. Others thought it no laughing matter to pay once; and a few had come as ill out of the adventure as I had. Under these circumstances, we quickly settled to work, no one entertaining the slightest suspicion; and La Trape, who could accommodate himself to anything, playing the part of clerk, I was presently receiving money and hearing excuses; the minute acquaintance with the routine of the finances which I had made it my business to acquire, rendering the work easy to me.

We had not been long engaged, however, when Fonvelle put in an appearance, and elbowing the peasants aside, begged to speak with me apart. I rose and stepped back with him two or three paces, on which he winked at me in a very knowing fashion. "I am Monsieur de Fonvelle," he said. And he winked again.

"Ah!" I said.

"My name is not in your list."

"I find it there," I replied, raising a hand to my ear.

"Tut, tut! you do not understand," he muttered. "Has not Gringuet told you?"

"What?" I said, pretending to be a little deaf.

"Has not——"

I shook my head.

"Has not Gringuet told you?" he repeated, reddening with anger; and this time speaking, on compulsion, so loudly that the peasants could hear him.

I answered him in the same tone. "Yes," I said roundly. "He has told me, of course, that every year you give him two hundred livres to omit your name."

He glanced behind him with an oath. "Man, are you mad?" he gasped, his jaw falling. "They will hear you."

"Yes," I said loudly, "I mean them to hear me."

I do not know what he thought of this—perhaps that I was mad—but he staggered back from me, and looked wildly round. Finding everyone laughing, he looked again at me, but still failed to understand; on which, with another oath, he turned on his heel, and, forcing his way through the grinning crowd, was out of sight in a moment.

I was about to return to my seat, when a pursy, pale-faced man, with small eyes and a heavy jowl, whom I had before noticed, pushed his way through the line, and came to me. Though his neighbors were all laughing, he was sober, and in a moment I understood why.

"I am very deaf," he said in a whisper. "My name, monsieur, is Philippon. I am a——"

I made a sign to him that I could not hear.

"I am the silk-merchant," he continued pretty audibly, but with a suspicious glance behind him. "Probably you have——"

Again I signed to him that I could not hear.

"You have heard of me?"

"From Monsieur Gringuet?" I said very loudly.

"Yes," he answered in a similar tone; for, aware that deaf persons cannot hear their own voices, and are seldom able to judge how loudly they are speaking, I had

led him to this. "And I suppose that you will do as he did?"

"How?" I asked. "In what way?"

He touched his pocket with a stealthy gesture, unseen by the people behind him.

Again I made a sign as if I could not hear.

"Take the usual little gift?" he said, finding himself compelled to speak.

"I cannot hear a word," I bellowed. By this time the crowd were shaking with laughter.

"Accept the usual gift?" he said, his fat, pale face perspiring, and his little pig's eyes regarding me balefully.

"And let you pay one quarter?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

But this, and the simplicity with which he said it, drew so loud a roar of laughter from the crowd as penetrated even to his dulled senses. Turning abruptly, as if a bee had stung him, he found the place convulsed with merriment; and perceiving, in an instant, that I had played upon him, though he could not understand how or why, he glared about him a moment, muttered something which I could not catch, and staggered away with the gait of a drunken man.

After this, it was useless to suppose that I could amuse myself with others. The crowd, which had never dreamed of such a tax-collector, and could scarcely believe either eyes or ears, hesitated to come forward even to pay; and I was considering what I should do next, when a commotion in one corner of the square drew my eyes to that quarter. I looked and saw at first only Curtin. Then, the crowd dividing and making way for him, I perceived that he had the real Gringuet with him—Gringuet, who rode through the market with an air of grim majesty, with one foot in a huge slipper and eyes glaring with ill-temper.

Doubtless Curtin, going to him on the chance of hearing something of the rogue who had cheated him, had apprised the tax-collector of the whole matter; for on seeing me in my chair of state, he merely grinned in a vicious way, and cried to the nearest not to let me escape. "We have lost one rogue, but we will hang the other," he said. And while the townsfolk stood dumbfounded round us, he slipped with a groan from his horse, and bade his two servants seize me.

"And do you," he called to the host, "see that you help, my man! You have harbored him, and you shall pay for it if he escapes."

With that he hopped a step nearer; and then, not dreaming of resistance, sank with another groan—for his foot was immensely swollen by the journey—into the chair from which I had risen.

A glance showed me that if I would not be drawn into an unseemly brawl, I must act; and meeting Maignan's eager eye fixed upon my face, I nodded. In a second he seized the unsuspecting Gringuet by the neck, snatched him up from the chair, and flung him half a dozen paces away. "Lie there," he cried, "you insolent rascal! Who told you to sit before your betters?"

The violence of the action, and Maignan's heat, were such that the nearest drew back affrighted; and even Gringuet's servants recoiled, while the market people gasped with astonishment. But I knew that the respite would last a moment only, and I stood forward. "Arrest that man," I said, pointing to the collector, who was grovelling on the ground, nursing his foot, and shrieking foul threats at us.

In a second my two men stood over him. "In the king's name," La Trape cried; "let no man interfere."

"Raise him up," I continued, "and set him before me; and Curtin also, and Fonvelle, and Philippon, and Lescaut the corn-dealer, if he is here."

I spoke boldly, but I felt some misgiving. So mighty, however, is the habit of command, that the crowd, far from resisting, thrust forward the men I named. Still, I could not count on this obedience, and it was with pleasure that I saw at this moment, as I looked over the heads of the crowd, a body of horsemen entering the square. They halted an instant, looking at the unusual concourse; while the townsfolk, interrupted in the middle of the drama, knew not which way to stare. Then Boisrueil, seeing me, and that I was holding some sort of court, spurred his horse through the press, and saluted me.

"Let half a dozen of your varlets dismount and guard these men," I said; "and do you, you rogue," I continued, addressing Gringuet, "answer me, and tell me the truth. How much does each of these knaves give you to cheat the king and your master? Curtin first. How much does he give you?"

"My lord," he answered, pale and shaking, yet with a mutinous gleam in his eyes, "I have a right to know first before whom I stand."

"Enough," I thundered, "that it is before one who has the right to question

you! Answer me, villain, and be quick. What is the sum of Curtin's bribe?"

He stood white and mute.

"Fonvelle's?"

Still he stood silent, glaring with the devil in his eyes; while the other men whimpered and protested their innocence, and the crowd stared as if they could never see enough.

"Philippon's?"

"I take no bribes," he muttered.

"Lescaut's?"

"Not a denier."

"Liar!" I exclaimed. "Liar, who devour widows' houses and poor men's corn! Who grind the weak and say it is the king, and let the rich go free! Answer me, and answer the truth. How much do these men give you?"

"Nothing," he said defiantly.

"Very well," I answered; "then I will have the list. It is in your shoe."

"I have no list," he said, beginning to tremble.

"It is in your shoe," I repeated, pointing to his gouty foot. "Maignan, off with his shoe, and look in it."

Disregarding his shrieks of pain, they tore it off and looked in it. There was no list.

"Off with his stocking," I said roundly. "It is there."

He flung himself down at that, cursing and protesting by turns. But I remembered the trampled corn and the girl's bleeding face, and I was inexorable. The stocking was drawn off, not too tenderly, and turned inside out. Still no list was found.

"He has it," I persisted. "We have tried the shoe and we have tried the stocking, now we must try the foot. Fetch a stirrup-leather, and do you hold him, and let one of the grooms give him a dozen on that foot."

But at that he gave way; he flung himself on his knees, screaming for mercy.

"The list!" I said.

"I have no list! I have none!" he wailed.

"Then give it me out of your head. Curtin, how much?"

He glanced at the man I named, and shivered, and for a moment was silent. But one of the grooms approaching with the stirrup-leather, he found his voice. "Forty crowns," he muttered.

"Fonvelle?"

"The same."

I made him confess also the sums which he had received from Lescaut and Philippon, and then the names of seven others who had been in the habit of bribing him. Satisfied that he had so far told the truth, I bade him put on his stocking and shoe. "And now," I said to Boisrueil, when this was done, "take him to the whipping-post there, and tie him up; and see that each man of the eleven gives him a stripe for every crown with which he has bribed him—and good ones, or I will have them tied up in his place. Do you hear, you rascals?" I continued to the trembling culprits. "Off, and do your duty, or I will have your backs bare."

But the wretch, as cowardly as he had been cruel, flung himself down and crawled, sobbing and crying, to my feet. I had no mercy, however. "Take him away," I said. "It is such men as these give kings a bad name. Take him away, and see you flay him well."

He sprang up then, forgetting his gout, and made a frantic attempt to escape. But in a moment he was overcome, hauled away, and tied up; and though I did not wait to see the sentence carried out, but entered the inn, the shrill screams he uttered under the punishment reached me, even there, and satisfied me that Fonvelle and his fellows were not holding their hands.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE CIRCUS.

By Cleveland Moffett.

THE perfection of organization in a great circus makes the life very monotonous. A man must do exactly the same thing at exactly the same moment every day of the thirty-two weeks during which the season lasts. Even a proprietor —Mr. Bailey, for example—scarcely varies in his movements from one week's end to another. Thus, to the circus people themselves, each day so precisely reproducing another in their immediate work and surroundings, the constant movement in which they live ceases to exist. They lose all sense of distance and of locality; all places, all crowds, are alike to them; the towns and States they pass through leave as dim an impression on their minds as do their dreams. The outside world, in fact, becomes a dream to them, and outside people a kind of vague unreality, like water always flowing by in a river, but never noticed. Wherever they go are banks of human heads, tiers of heads, thousands of heads, gaping, grinning, and these have for the circus folk so little individuality or kinship that they might as well belong to some other race. Sitting in the chariots, on elephants, astride horses, on camels, in the procession, under a scorching sun, breathing dust, all beneath comes to seem unreal and fantastic; and often in the midst of his glittering pageant there comes over the circus performer a sense of utter loneliness that is crushing.

And even the performance itself has a bewildering effect upon those who are always taking part in it, but never see it. It is like the monotonous beating of a train which seems to the dozing traveller to be singing a song or speaking words. The great crowd in the tent are not people at all, but only a colored background, of no more importance than the dingy walls of the tent itself. Everything comes as a matter of course. The crashing music, the grave-faced elephants with flapping ears, the long "Ah—h—h—oo" of applause from the crowd, the shrill whistle of the small boys, the dancing of the Arab girls, the cries of the howling dervish with his dreary "Low—y—loo hel—lah—how," the feats of athletes and riders—all these are nothing to him, or, rather, they are an unnoticed part of himself, like his hat or his hands.

Circus people thus lose all power of wonder, all capacity for enthusiasm. As with the gambler, the very excitement of their lives and the constant change tend to paralyze interest. I should like to test a veteran circus man with some such programme as this: At nine A. M. to see a man guillotined; at ten A. M. to see a collision between two locomotives; at eleven A. M. to see a tenement house destroyed by fire; at noon to see a millionnaire commit suicide; at one P. M. to see a crowded ferryboat go down; at two P. M. to see a powder-mill explode; and at three P. M. to see a naval battle. I have no doubt that after a few weeks of even this as a routine he would find it as dull as his old life.

In point of fact, though, many of the circus people, perhaps most of them, have never sat through a performance from beginning to end. Mr. Newman, the elephant trainer, for instance, who has been with the circus for years, told me that he had never seen a performance; and Mr. Kohl, the head of the Barnum cook-tent, said the same thing. The fact is, a circus man's time is so completely occupied with his own work that he cannot attend to anything else. From sixteen to twenty hours a day he is on duty, whether a common laborer or a head of department. For weeks at a time he may have to content himself with four or five hours sleep out of twenty-four, and work all the rest of the time. No wonder, then, that he never gets time, even if he had the desire, to witness a performance.

Most people have an idea that the circus is a free and easy place, and that those who travel with it are a Bohemian crowd, whose leisure hours are spent in more or less riotous pleasures. Never was a greater mistake made. In the first place, no one connected with the circus has much leisure; and, then, the discipline maintained is more rigid than that of any army. Drunkenness is very rare, and, if detected, is followed by immediate dismissal. And in other respects conduct is controlled rigorously. A week's experience with the circus convinced me that for sobriety, industry, and general

virtue and morality, there is no other community numbering so many people which can be compared with it.

CIRCUS PERFORMERS OFF DUTY.

At the conclusion of the afternoon performance, supper is served in the cook-tent, and then the performers have an hour or so to themselves before the evening performance. This time they are apt to spend in the circus tent proper, empty now, in practising new feats or in improving the old ones. This they do from pure pride in their work, for the time is their own to spend as they please. Let us look in and see what is going on. Here is Alex Siebert trying a new horse over the hurdles. Again and again he rides the horse at the five-bar gate, or, rather, the canvas imitation of one—for it would not do to risk the horse's leg—and sometimes he gets over with a clean jump, and sometimes, stumbling, knocks the canvas from the hands of the ring-men. The owner apologizes for his horse's short-comings, says he is nervous, has never jumped in a tent before, and so on.

Across the tent, over near the dressing-room entrance, Fred Herbert, the veteran acrobat, is teaching one of his two "brothers" to do a "twister" back somersault. The young fellow springs into the air with a will, turns gracefully, with a twisting movement at the same time, and, landing heavily on the mattress, looks up for approval. Herbert shakes his head; the knees were bent too much and the fall was not artistic; he must try it again. The young athlete does try it again, not once, but twenty times, profiting by the criticisms of the master, and trying his best to get rid of the trouble with his knees. Some other day he will succeed, but not now, for Herbert tells him he has done enough and must not tire himself further. As he retires, two Arabian acrobats, sisters, who have been watching him from an elephant pedestal, give him a smile of encouragement, and a Cossack horseman, lounging near, claps his hands approvingly.

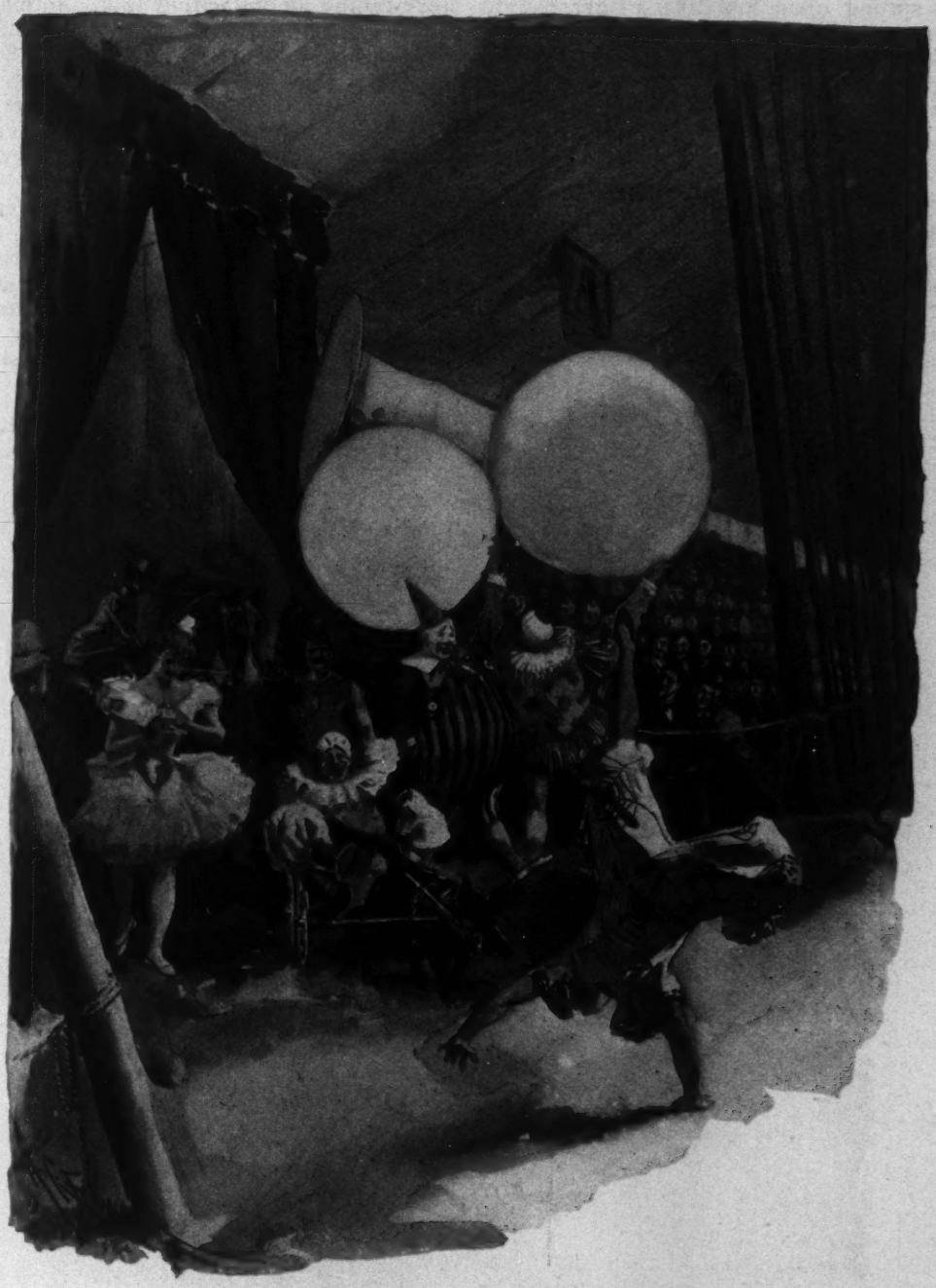
Meantime, in one of the rings, Conrad is exercising his over-lively pony Huber, with the vicious baboon Abdel in the saddle. In the morning procession Conrad rode as the "Austrian emperor;" at the afternoon performance he was a miscellaneous clown, and now is a phlegmatic man in shirt-sleeves and a bad humor.

Quite alone, in the large centre ring, little Nelson, the ten-year-old acrobat, is practising back somersaults, with all the gravity of a man who has large responsibilities on his shoulders. Nelson takes himself very seriously, and insists on being treated with the respect due a star performer, which he is. Nothing hurts his feelings more than to be treated as a child, and he scorns the idea of playing with boys of his own age. Not for the world would he miss the pleasure of riding in the procession every morning as the "Little King of Spain," and there is never a smile on his face as the carriage of state in which he sits passes through the crowds. He is a monarch then, every inch of him; but not more so than when he steps out proudly before the great assemblage, under a crash of music, and is hauled to the very roof of the tent by his father, also an acrobat of note. Then it is a sight to see little Nelson fold his arms with joy in his art, and, hanging by his neck from the flying trapeze, fifty feet in the air, look down on the anxious thousands, his dark eyes seeming to say, "Now look at me and see if I am not an artist." Then, hanging by his knee-caps, head down, he suddenly lets himself slip and fall, catching the bar by the tips of his toes, and, swinging high on either side, seems to ask the crowd if any man could have done that trick more cleverly or bravely than he.

A PRIVATE WRESTLING MATCH.

Suddenly there is a commotion near the entrance, and every one hurries in to the dressing-room tent to see what is the matter. Bell, one of the best wrestlers in the country, is about to try conclusions with Matta, the Japanese wrestler, between whom there has long been a smouldering rivalry. They are in position now, with hands on knees and muscles tense, leaning forward, all alert, each waiting for an opening. The other acrobats press about them, in an admiring circle, with cries of encouragement to one or the other. It is plain that the Jap has many well-wishers. He is an obliging, plucky little fellow, and for months has been rather ridden over by the heavier athlete whom he is now facing. The result of this encounter will settle once for all the question of superiority.

Now they close together, and, with straining arms and legs, strive for the mastery. Splendid bodies they have, both of them, the Jap's more wiry and beautiful, perhaps; the American's taller and more powerful. Now they fall to the ground, shoulders locked, heads touching, breath



THE ENTRANCE OF THE CLOWNS.

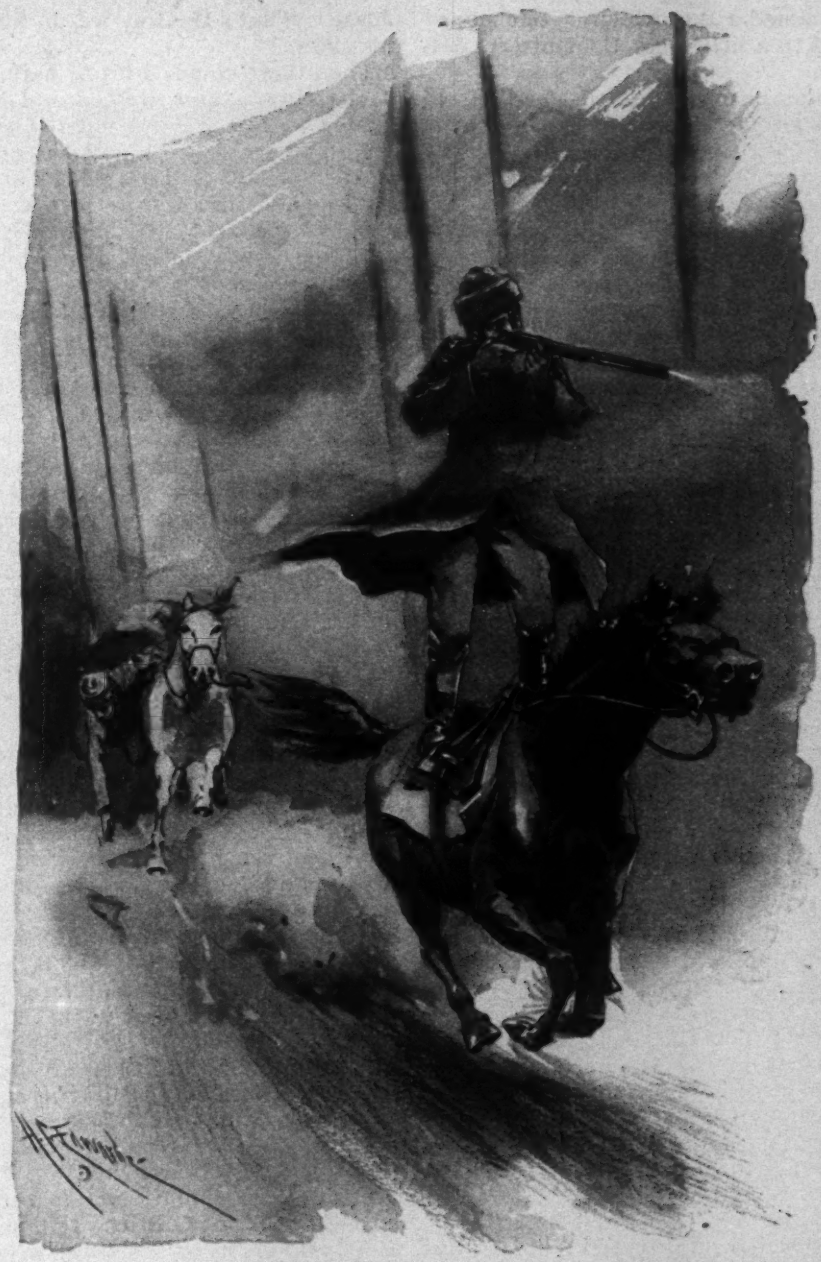
coming quickly. The circle draws closer and is silent in expectation. There is a quick movement, a cry of dismay from the onlookers, and the American seems to have caught the Jap in the deadly neck-lock which must drive a man's shoulders to the ground or break his spinal column. Bell puts forth his huge strength relentlessly, and it seems as if Matta must yield. But no; by a trick learned in his own country, and possible only to one as supple-jointed as himself, the little fellow has turned defeat into victory. Ceasing suddenly to offer resistance, he has turned his whole body through the air, and, twisting himself, like a snake, from his adversary's embrace,

has sprung upon him like a tiger, caught him at a disadvantage, and before Bell can gather himself again for defence, his big shoulders are flat in the sawdust, and the spectators are applauding with cries of, "Good boy, Matta!"

SOME CIRCUS STORIES.

Meantime, others of the circus company are scattered about in groups through the deserted amphitheatre, their voices sounding like whispers as they chat together, on account of the space and the emptiness. This leisure hour is the favorite time for story-telling among circus folk, and many are the strange tales one hears. Best of all in this pastime is George Starr, to whom the circus atmosphere is as the breath of life; he would be wretched without it; and his store of reminiscence and adventure is exhaustless. It is he who travels through Asia and Africa, gathering together tigers and lions for the menagerie, and members of strange tribes for the "Congress of Nations." On these trips he has to spend thousands of dollars, although the natives of these distant lands are often willing to come with him on ridiculously low terms. On one occasion,

A HURDLE RACE BETWEEN FOUR-HORSE TANDEM TEAMS.



COSSACK RIDERS.

while in the interior of Africa, he found a Soudanese warrior, a perfect black Hercules, whom he was determined to get at any price. At first the warrior refused flatly; but when Starr told him he might demand whatever sum he pleased, he wavered. Finally, after long consultation with his friends, he told Starr, through an interpreter, that he would come, but added, "I must have my wife's expenses paid while I am away."

"All right," said Starr.

"And I must have all my mother's expenses paid."

"All right."

"And I must have money for my children."

"All right; how much do you want?"

"And ten months is a long time."

"I know it; name your own figure."

At this the warrior, with a cunning gleam in his eyes, as if he were demanding a king's

ransom, named a sum which in our money amounted to a little less than fifteen dollars.

"And he nearly dropped dead," said Starr, "when I told him he could have it."

One of Starr's stories is of a night when he was sleeping in the "freak" car, and a fire broke out. In the berth directly under him was Hannah Battersby, the fat woman, whose weight at that time was over five hundred pounds. He says he will never forget his sensations when he heard Hannah, unable to lift herself, screaming for help. For a few minutes there was great danger for all the inmates, and several jumped through the windows. But there was no window large enough to permit the passage of the fat woman, even had she been able to jump. Finally the fire was extinguished, and Hannah was pacified.

The head elephant trainer, Newman, recalls an accident that once befell a circus train. One of the heavy beams supporting the floor of an elephant car dropped to the track while the train was running at full speed. The effect was as if a collision had occurred, the horse and camel and zebra cars, just behind, piling up and being shattered into pieces. Thirty-two horses, including fourteen Arab stallions, were instantly killed, and a zebra and two camels. One of the camels had his long neck driven squarely into the body, so that the head seemed to rest directly on the shoulders, producing such a camel as was never seen before. Mr. Newman and five of his assistants were sleeping in one of the wrecked cars, but all escaped without injury.

And now "Tom" Lynch, the boss hostler, who has in charge one hundred and ninety-six work horses, spins a yarn about the big rains that once "struck" the circus, when one of the five-ton pole-wagons sank down in the mud until the axles dragged.

"What did I do?" says Tom. "Why, I first hitched on thirty-eight horses, and set them hauling in the traces; and when they couldn't budge it, I whistled up a gang of a hundred men, and set them pulling at the ropes to help the horses. And when that wouldn't do, I sent word to my friend Newman here, and he got me out two elephants, Babe and Mandy, and I got their big heads pushing behind, and then I yelled at the horses and swore at the men, and Babe and Mandy began to heave, and everything began to strain, and the first thing we knew, up came that pole-wagon out of the mud-hole as nice as you please. That's the way we do business in this show."

Then there comes a bit of pathos. One of the clowns, now dressed and behaving like an ordinary sober citizen, tells how one night, years ago, old Miako, one of the funniest clowns of those days, had received word just before the performance began that his son had died suddenly. Miako was then a gray-haired man of fifty, and his whole hope and pride in life were centred in his boy. For years all his savings had been put aside for the lad's education, the clown having always been resolved that his son should be something else than a circus performer. His desire had been gratified; the young man had gone through college and taken his degree as a doctor. Now it was all over, and he was dead. When the news came, it was already time for Miako to enter the ring, and as he read the telegram he crumpled it up, and pushed it in the pocket of his flowing trousers, while a tear marked a furrow in the white paint that covered his face. But he said nothing. The music crashed out its call, and, snatching up his pointed cap, the broken-hearted father rolled into the ring, while the crowds split their sides with laughter. He went through the performance to the end, cracking his old jokes, tumbling about in the old ridiculous way, and then, when it was finished, and the crowd had gone, and an army of workmen were busy dismantling the tent, Miako sat there on the edge of the ring, in his clown's costume still, his head on his knees, his body twitching now and then with a convulsive shiver, his thoughts on the boy who was dead.

And so the stories succeed each other, the circus detective telling of adventures with pickpockets and three-card-monte men; Rosie Meres, the bare-back rider, telling how she first met in Paris the French clown who afterwards became her husband; John O'Brien telling of the pluck and clean grit shown by riders and acrobats, who often go through their acts when suffering severest pain and almost too weak to stand. And, while they all talk, some of the foreign performers gather around in a wondering circle, listening eagerly to everything, though understanding but imperfectly. Among these are Mouni, the Egyptian dancing-girl, and her Arab husband; the Caucasian "Princess," who can do anything on a horse, and who has the whitest teeth and the reddest hair in the world. Of all the experiences I had when travelling with the

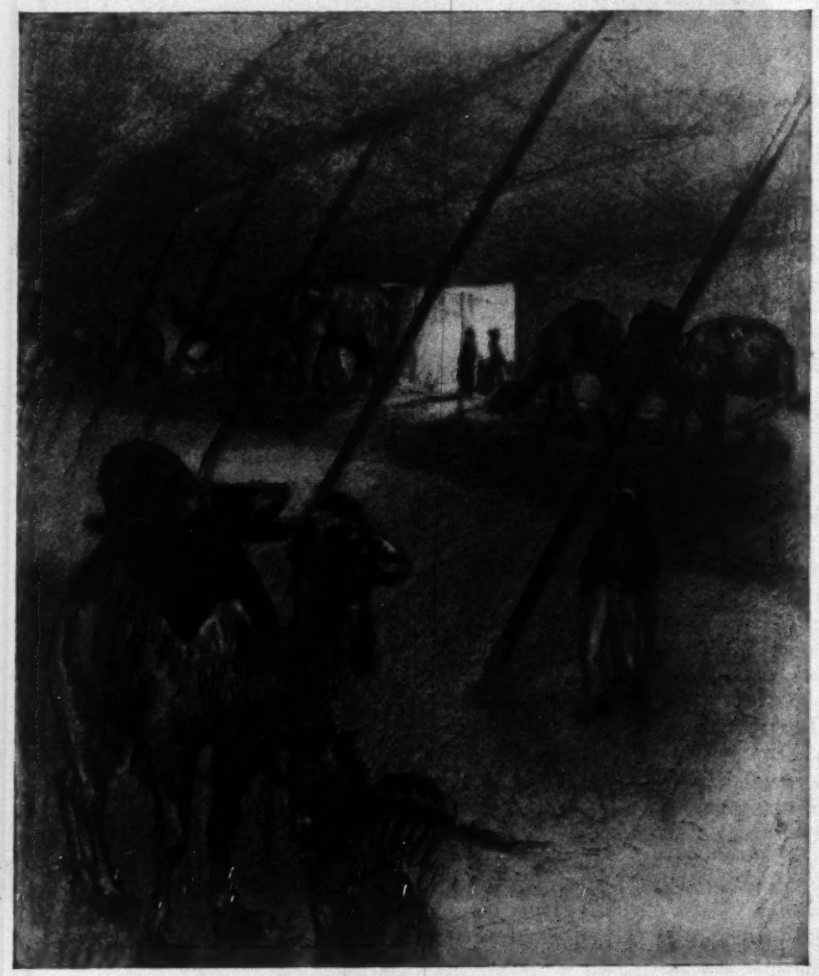
ROMAN CHARIOTS LEAVING THE TRACK AT THE CLOSE OF A RACE.

Barnum circus, I enjoyed most this five o'clock leisure hour, this period of story-telling in the big and nearly empty tent.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM TENT.

The dressing-room tent of a large circus like Barnum and Bailey's, is a place full of interest for the outsider, all the more that he may not penetrate there except by special favor. This is almost the home of acrobats, clowns, and riders, the royalties of the ring, the only home they know, except a rushing train, from March until October. Passing in through the performer's entrance, that magic aperture on which the small boy's eyes are ever fondly riveted, one finds himself in a canvas-covered space divided by a canvas partition into two equal parts, in one of which, standing in a switching, stamping circle, are a hundred horses. The other, devoted to the performers, is itself divided into two parts, the larger serving for about ninety men, the smaller for about fifty women. The entrance to the men's part is at one end of the canvas wall, the entrance to the women's at the other end, and the two are so shut off from each other that only the indistinct buzz of preparation can come through the jealous partition.

Passing into the men's dressing-room, a curious scene presents itself. The entire space is not larger than two good-sized parlors, and yet so perfect is the management that nearly one hundred men are able at one time to dress and undress, to shave, to write letters, to play the violin, and amuse themselves in various ways, without interference or disorder. The centre of operations for each one, his chair, bureau, desk, treasure-house and fortress, is his trunk, always square and heavily bound with metal fastenings, and always occupying identically the same place in the tent. Some of the trunks are ranged around the wall, some lined along the centre, and where you see them one day, there you will see them every day, so precise is the property-man in the matter of arrangement. Ten photographs of the men's dressing-room taken on ten successive days would be so exactly alike in the smallest detail, showing the same clothes and hats hanging on the same ropes, the same tin basin, old pipe, or bit of looking-glass on the same swinging shelf, the same trunks at precisely the same angles, and with the same distances between them to



A CORNER IN THE MENAGERIE TENT.

A SCENE IN THE MEN'S DRESSING-ROOM.

the fraction of an inch, that it would seem quite impossible that the ten pictures could have been taken in as many different towns, and the tent have been torn to pieces and built up again between each exposure.

Whatever the hour, the dressing-room tent is always a picture of animation and hurry. At seven o'clock in the morning the men, just come from breakfast, are busy with their toilet or their correspondence, or are gathered in groups, retailing the gossip of the ring. A little later John O'Brien, "equestrian director," whose word in the dressing-room and ring is law, calls on all to prepare for the public parade, which leaves the grounds soon after nine o'clock. Now up go the lids of the trunks, off go the clothes of ordinary wear, and on go the resplendent costumes that are to move the crowds to admiration. One of the strict rules of the circus is that all performers, unless excused by a special clause in the contract, shall ride in the daily street parade. Conrad the fat clown, also trainer of Abdel the dangerous baboon, now crowds himself into the uniform of the Emperor of Austria, and will presently be seen on horseback, riding with a grace and dignity worthy of Francis Joseph himself. Siebert, the best all-round acrobat in the ring, dons the black beard and serious manner of General Grant, whom he will personate in the chariot of the Goddess of Liberty. Demott and Showles, the bare-back riders, array themselves to ride forth, the one as the Emperor of Germany, and the other as the President of France. Other men, and the women in the adjoining dressing-room as well, are all in the like hurry of transformation.

The parade is over by half-past ten, and then there is hurry and bustle again to get back into ordinary dress and ready for dinner, served in the cook-tent at half-past eleven. After dinner, with scarcely an interval for digestion, preparations must be begun for the afternoon performance, which begins at two o'clock and lasts until half-past four. The best point of observation at this time is in the larger division of the dressing-room tent, where the horses are, for here one is able to see both before and behind the scenes. While the great amphitheatre is filling from the menagerie tent, while the circus band is playing its overtures, and the clown with the bogus photographic apparatus is making sport of unsuspicious visitors, the space outside, between the dressing-room tent, the horse-tent, the cook-tent, and the circus tent proper, about an acre in all, is crowded with horses, chariots, elephants, camels, and costumed riders, carrying banners of all nations, waiting for the grand pageant which opens the performance. Now O'Brien gives the word: "Come, boys, get your horses out." The grooms lead the teams of draught horses to the chariots, while out from the dressing-rooms come

men and women and take their places. A handsome woman, who, a little later, all smiles and spangles, will drive four horses to one of the flying Roman chariots, is now severely clad in black, with white wig, to ride in the grand carriage of state as Queen Victoria. While waiting she caresses one of her favorite horses, feeding him sugar and kissing him. Near her is the Goddess of Liberty, who does a song and dance act in the "concert," and is now in animated conversation with one of the clowns about a supper of fried chicken enjoyed the night before. Bedouins enveloped in white, Japanese warriors, and noblemen from Siam bustle about, looking for the camels, the elephants, or the blazing chariots which are to convey them.

It would seem impossible ever to organize an orderly procession out of such confusion. But the confusion is only seeming; in reality, every man and woman, horse and driver, knows exactly where he belongs and what to do; and as O'Brien waves his signal to the bandmaster to strike up the triumphal blast, the line moves out, elephants first, as easily as a coil of rope uncoils, and presently the space outside is empty, and the grand pageant has passed inside the big tent.

As soon as the procession is finished, the quick-handed grooms take saddles and bridles off the draught horses and lead them to the horse-tent, where they will rest until brought out for the evening "pageant," after which they will finish their day's labor by drawing the circus-wagons to the train, making two trips, as they made two from the train in the morning.

Now the music sounds softly from the big tent, and the wild-animal act is performing in the large iron cage. A crash of drums and horns tells that the pyramid of lions, tigers, and panthers has broken, and now the music comes in quicker-marching time, and one hears the cries of command: "'tention—houp—single file—right dress—forward—arch," as the big elephants go through their manœuvres. Presently the hollow sounding drum and tom-toms, beaten by Arabs on their camels, announce the arrival of the Congress of Nations from the menagerie tent, led by Mouni, the Egyptian dancing-girl, whose only faults are that she blackens her teeth and is fond of onions.

At a word from O'Brien, out from the dressing-room come a dozen jumpers in tights of different colors, and three fat clowns. Roars of laughter from inside the tent let one know that the clowns are sliding and tumbling over the three elephants, while the jumpers do graceful double somersaults high above them. Now the ladies of the ring, in tights and fluffy tarlatan, come and go, some with beautiful white shoulders and fine figures, some with pretty faces, some wrinkled, old, dumpy.

In the circus, as on the stage, one incurs the risk of disenchantment in going behind the scenes. The queens of the ring, seen in their dressing-room chewing gum and mending an old garment, are not what they are in mid-air. And it is a curious fact that women born in a circus, and trained from childhood in the severest athletic exercises, are liable to lose grace of form and carriage just as other women are, and perhaps earlier and more certainly. This loss, when it occurs, is not always conspicuous before the scenes, but it is more than conspicuous behind them.

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

CHEAP MAGAZINES.

From the New York INDEPENDENT, June 27: "The revolution in the art of engraving, not to say its destruction, is threatening a change in the conduct of monthly magazines as well as of newspapers. . . . With July 'The Cosmopolitan' and McCLURE'S will reduce their price to ten cents, and try to seize their share of the railroad patronage. . . . What will be the effect on the higher-priced illustrated magazines, like 'Harper's,' 'The Century,' and 'Scribner's,' it may not be easy to foresee; but it seems probable that they will not find it wise to reduce their price to a like figure. The reason is not that they cannot and will not get cheaper pictures than of old, for they are already using half-tone pictures, or those in which half tone and engraving are combined. Nor is the reason wholly in the more expensive literary matter which they must purchase, for the cheap magazines will and do compete for the most expensive story-writers. The reason rather is that they will wish to maintain that higher, purer literary standard which succeeds in securing the best but not the most numerous readers. They will insist on having their pictures made for their reading matter, and not the reverse. They cannot enlarge their constituency beyond the comparatively cultivated class that appreciates them. They cannot, half a dozen of them, secure half a million purchasers apiece, for there are not so many families of their sort in the country. They, therefore, cannot enormously increase their circulation, and so their advertising income, by reducing their price. Should they reduce to ten cents the millions would not buy them. . . . The fit audience in an educated country like ours is not few, but it is not yet unlimited; nevertheless, it is the only audience worth addressing, for it contains the thinking people. The rest may or may not be sturdy citizens, may count in the militia and in the population and in the lower schools; but they are not the ones who delight to seek the instruction they most need."

We present our compliments to the scholarly editor of "The Independent," and will he be so good as to listen to a few remarks from us?

The revolution in the art of engraving is greater than the average reader imagines. Take the great monthlies for July. Less than one-seventh of the illustrations in "Harper's," "The Century," and "Scribner's" for July are engraved on wood. There must be some merit besides cheapness in a method of engraving that is employed for more than six-sevenths of the pictures in the high-priced monthlies.

We must seek elsewhere for a reason for the possibility of a cheap magazine.

Perhaps the cheap magazine spends less for literature? Hardly. The well-informed editor of "The Independent" realizes that McCLURE'S has the greatest writers as its contributors.

THE REAL REASON.

"They will wish to maintain that higher, purer literary standard which succeeds in securing the best but not the most numerous readers."

We confess that we are befogged. Either the venerable editor of "The Independent" is poking fun at his esteemed contemporaries—the high-priced monthlies—or he ignores the comparative quality of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Will he kindly tell us where any editor can secure a higher, purer literary standard than is maintained by such writers as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, R. L. Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, W. D. Howells, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Ida M. Tarbell, Professor Henry Drummond, Herbert D. Ward, Ian Maclaren, Herbert Spencer, Madame Adam, Archdeacon Farrar, Monsieur de Blowitz, Edward Everett Hale, A. Conan Doyle, Robert Barr, W. E. Gladstone, Anthony Hope, Washington Gladden, Bret Harte, Joel Chandler Harris, Frank R. Stockton, Hamlin Garland, Edward S. Holden, Sir Robert Ball, General A. W. Greely, I. Zangwill, Henry M. Stanley, "Q.," Sir Walter Besant, S. R. Crockett, Madame Blanc, J. M. Barrie, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Charles A. Dana?

These writers have contributed not merely their names, but in every case important articles, to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

We might fairly include an equally significant list of names of contributors to a very important symposium published in McCLURE'S; a list of great thinkers whose short articles, or brief and pithy notes, were as thought-provoking as long articles, and whose contributions were prepared especially at our request. Here is a partial list of these: Professor Huxley, Louis Pasteur, Professor Tyndall, Archbishop Ireland, Père Hyacinthe, Samuel Smiles, Cardinal Gibbons, Professor Max Müller, Émile Zola, Julia Ward Howe, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Alphonse Daudet, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Edwin Arnold, Jules Simon, François Coppée, Camille Flammarion, the Duke of Argyll, and G. W. Cable.

Do not these enumerations in themselves dispose of "the higher, purer literary standard" myth?

How large an audience can a high-class magazine like McCLURE'S appeal to?

The editor of "The Independent" issues a dictum in answer to this question. The editor of McCLURE'S does not theorize as to the size of this audience. He has edited for a *million families* of readers for ten years, and he knows his audience. The syndicate of leading newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of over a million a week, has demanded and used a large share of the really great literature of the past ten years. Year after year the demands of the reading public, as seen by the editors of our great dailies, have been met—met exactly and satisfactorily—by such authors as Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Lord Tennyson, Professor Tyndall, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Thomas Hardy, Bret Harte, R. L. Stevenson, A. Conan Doyle, Andrew Lang, Lord Wolseley, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Frank R. Stockton, William D. Howells, and many more. This list might be enlarged to a hundred names.

So much for the statements of "The Independent."

Our compliments to Mr. Bok, editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal;" Mr. Walker, editor of "The Cosmopolitan;" Mr. Munsey, editor of "Munsey's Magazine."

Mr. Bok says:

"A year or two ago everybody was talking about Mr. Walker and 'The Cosmopolitan,' when the price of this magazine was cut down from twenty-five cents to twelve and a half cents. But soon Mr. McClure came along with his new magazine, and the talk was centered at him."

Mr. Walker says:

"With this month of July, two years ago, 'The Cosmopolitan' took the first step toward furnishing the public with a magazine of the highest class, at a price that was then deemed impossible."

Mr. Munsey says:

"REAL MAGAZINES COMING INTO LINE.

"When we broke away from the time-trodden paths of publishing, and asserted that a magazine of the best grade

could be issued profitably at ten cents, we nailed this statement to the masthead of our magazine:

"'*These are the times when it is well to get down to bed rock*—Munsey's *has reached that point—a point below which no good magazine will ever go, but to which all magazines of large circulation must eventually come.*'

"The world shrugged its shoulders, advertisers held aloof, publishers sneered. This was a year and a half ago—not so long a time, but long enough for the world, the advertiser, and some of these same publishers to become converted. One or two publications fall into line this month—magazines of real merit. We welcome them cordially. It was a step they had to take; a step that all other magazines will have to take if they wish to keep up with the procession. We saw this as distinctly a year and a half ago as we see it to-day. We knew then, as we know now, that ten cents is the right price for a magazine. . . .

"We have not only done this, but we have had the mild satisfaction of seeing our friends—publishers who derided our ideas a year ago—following us meekly to-day."

And again Mr. Munsey says:

"WHY DODGE THE FACT?

"Yes, this is what we mean—*why dodge the fact?* This is addressed to the publishers—*we mean real publishers*—who are following us—are adopting our ideas in toto. All sorts of excuses are invented for coming down to the ten-cent price, some of them very amusing—all of them more or less disingenuous. No publisher thus far, not a single one, has had the courage to tell the truth—to say that 'Munsey's Magazine,' with its triumph over the middleman, has made a ten-cent magazine possible; that 'Munsey's Magazine' has revolutionized magazine publishing, and demonstrated that a magazine of the best grade can be published profitably at ten cents.

"It is a mighty good thing to be frank in this world—to be honest with one's self and with the people. The people like it. They respect a man for it. It would have been good business, good broad business, for some of these publishers, had they come out in their announcement, and said in a straightforward way that 'Munsey's Magazine' had taught them a lesson in publishing, that they were glad to acknowledge it, to give credit where credit belongs—as well as to follow in the newly blazed path.

"This would have been a stroke worthy of a clever man. The public would have said, 'We like this. This man is honest as well as clever. He is sure to make a magazine worth reading.'

"This beating around the bush never wins support; frankness, bed-rock honesty, commands it."

Here is a bit of chronology, which shows that we have met the usual fate of the pioneer. We are touched by this appeal. We will be frank.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE appeared May 28, 1893, at 15 cents a copy, and $1.50 a year.

"The Cosmopolitan" appeared July 1, 1893, at the reduced price of 12½ cents a copy, and $1.50 a year.

"Munsey's Magazine" appeared September 1, 1893, at the reduced price of 10 cents a copy, and $1.00 a year.

The publishers and editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE may have many faults and failings, but they can hardly be charged with lack of originality.

How did Mr. Munsey show the way?

To publish a magazine at a given price requires a knowledge of a certain number of facts, including:

1. What sort of literature will sell.

2. Cost of paper, articles, pictures, and engraving, press-work, salaries, wages, publishing expenses generally, and accurately estimated income from sales and advertising.

Did Mr. Munsey reveal a single one of these important facts?

Of course not. We had to learn all these facts by experience; and when you know these facts you are competent to publish successfully a magazine, if you have money or its equivalent.

The publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE labored under the disadvantage of No-Capital, and No-Capital is probably the hardest taskmaster in the world. His slaves have a nearly hopeless fight. Their struggles and labors are such that it is not in human endurance to come under his rule more than once.

We have been his slaves. We are his slaves no longer. Our struggle lasted nearly eleven years. This magazine, and the newspaper syndicate established by Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips, represent a creation in that time from *absolutely nothing*. On account of this lack of capital the magazine, with its over one hundred thousand circulation, was made possible by partly reprinting articles and stories from the newspaper syndicate. This necessity is almost over, and the magazine for next year will contain very little such matter.

As an example of the expressions of approval which we are receiving every day, and for which, we scarcely need say, we are very grateful, we cite the following:

PASTOR'S STUDY, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
ROCKVILLE, CONNECTICUT,
July 2, 1895.

EDITOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE:—Eight or ten of the leading American magazines come to my study table each month, and all contain articles of great merit. In one there will be one valuable article; in another, perhaps two; and in yet another, four or five. I could not well do without them. But among them all, McCLURE'S is the only one I care to read in its entirety. It is constantly improving; and I wish you all success.

Very truly,
(REV.) A. P. WEDGE.

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW OWNED BY HON GARDINER G HUBBARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LOVE DISARMED.

(See "Will H. Low and his Work," page 291)